

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THE RESULT OF THE FEARFUL TRIPLE COLLISION NEAR CUDWORTH.



The series of photographs reproduced on this page give some idea of the appalling destruction wrought by the fatal collision on the Midland Railway. No. 1 shows the side of a carriage completely torn out and hurled down the embankment, while No. 2 is a picture of one of many pairs of wheels that have been entirely separated from the coaches they once belonged to. No. 3 is a photograph of the pilot engine of the Scotch express overturned upon the rails. No. 4 shows the curious manner in which some of the carriages were shattered. No. 5 is a picture of the wreckage at the point where the force of the collision was greatest, and No. 6 shows the breakdown gang removing all that was left of one of the powerful locomotives.

RUSSIA NOW BLAZING.

Strikers Parade the Streets
of St. Petersburg.

POLICE POWERLESS.

400,000 Workers Now in Readiness
To Join the Movement.

GENERAL STRIKE.

The state of affairs in St. Petersburg has now become most serious. The city seems on the very edge of a revolution.

"The strike is spreading like wildfire," says a Reuter message.

The strikers are resorting to the most desperate measures. Patrolling the streets in bands, they compel others to cease work by threats of violence.

The police refrain from any interference. Obviously they are acting under orders, for the authorities are only too well cognisant of the fact that a conflict might be the signal for a general uprising.

Yet the Ministers of Finance and of the Interior refuse even to receive a deputation of the strikers. Prospects of a settlement are consequently very slight.

St. Petersburg now expects a general strike, in which 400,000 men and women will take part.

Meanwhile, bomb explosions at the Polish town of Lodz and revolutionary disturbances in Riga testify to the general feeling of unrest.

TSAR PETITIONED.

Demands of Men Who Prefer Death to Their
Present Position.

"Be merciful to us; let us live.

"If thou leavest us in this position, we prefer to die."

These touching words close a petition addressed to the Tsar by the Russian strikers, who profess the warmest personal devotion to his Majesty.

The men want:—

- An eight hour day;
- A minimum wage;
- Double pay for overtime;
- Cessation of the war;
- Constitutional reform.

TROOPS UNDER ARMS.

By Violence and Threats Strikers Suspend
All Small Industries of the Capital.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The general strike which was feared yesterday is to-day being forced on other industries by the men already out.

The strikers have broken into several factories and into the printing works of the Academy of Science, forcing the employees to join them. The management of the printing works, which is a Government establishment, acting on the advice of the police, allowed the men to cease work in order to avoid a disturbance.

A deputation of 200 men has visited the office of the St. Petersburg Agency, and informed the printers that if they do not join the movement the building will be wrecked. The printers, to the number of 100, promptly left the agency, which is accordingly reduced to stencilling, instead of printing its news.

All the men at the smaller industrial establishments in St. Petersburg have already joined the strike, and the printing works and the principal tobacco factory are closed. The troops are under arms.

A meeting of workers will be held this evening to discuss the condition of affairs.—Reuter.

KING BUYS HIS FATHER'S PORTRAIT.

The King made a purchase at the sale conducted during the present week at Bearhill Park, Walton-on-Thames, the residence of the late Duchess (Elizabeth) of Wellington.

His Majesty's representative secured for £19 a gold and enamel pendant pearl drop, enclosing a portrait of the late Prince Consort, a gift to the Duchess "from his broken-hearted widow, Victoria R., 1861."

ACCIDENT OR INCIDENT?

No Arrests Yet Made in Connection with
the Supposed Shooting at the Tsar.

No arrests, as far as can be ascertained at present, have been made in connection with the supposed attempt upon the life of the Tsar.

The Brigadier-General of the Artillery Corps is conducting an inquiry into the matter.

The battery was composed of old muzzle-loading guns.

The captain commanding the guilty battery is above all suspicion, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris," but two gunners are suspected of having had relations with the Revolutionaries, who because of the postponement of reforms have for some time not been concealing their intention of committing an outrage on the Imperial Family.

Opinions are divided as to whether the affair was accidental or intentional, though they rather predominate in favour of the latter assumption.

BOMBS AND RED FLAGS.

Revolutionary Disturbances Take Place in
Poland and Riga.

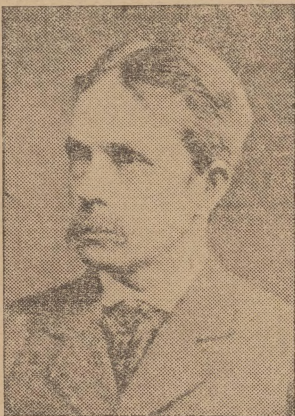
Great excitement prevails at Lodz, Russian Poland, owing to several bomb explosions within the city.

Some persons unknown exploded two bombs against the prison wall on Sunday, and another bomb explosion occurred on Monday outside the Government spirit warehouse. The damage done was in both instances slight.

At Riga a group of Jews and students made a demonstration in the Alexander-square. A red flag was unfurled and seditious proclamations were distributed.

Seven arrests were made.

THE LATE MR. G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.



One of the most popular painters of to-day, who was found dead, from heart disease, in his studio yesterday.—(Fraddelle and Young.)

PORT ARTHUR.

Tokio Celebrates the Fall—Russian Sick
and Wounded.

TOKIO, Friday.—It is stated that 18,556 sick and wounded Russian prisoners are at Port Arthur, 3,657 being men of the Navy.

The Tokio business community to-day celebrated the fall of Port Arthur. Speeches were made by Count Katsuma, the Premier, Admiral Togo, and the Ministers of War and Marine.

An aide-de-camp of the Emperor will leave Shimabashi to-day, taking nine car-loads of Imperial gifts to the officers and men of the field armies.—Reuter.

BRITISH SHIPS CONDEMNED.

Dismay at Lloyd's Caused by Decisions of
Japanese Prize Court.

The British steamers Roseley and Lethington, captured last week with coal cargoes by the Japanese, have been condemned by the Prize Court.

The verdict has added to the sense of insecurity already prevailing at Lloyd's, and induced something like a panic.

Six millions of pounds represent the insurance value of the vessels with cargoes of coals making their way from European to Eastern ports.

Yesterday the men employed in the spinning mills of San Gali and Kolnick ceased work.

MR. CHURCHILL CHALLENGED.

Warlike Preston Man Offers Him

"Lancashire" or "Queens-
berry" Rules.

WILL HE ACCEPT?

"Daily Mirror" Seeks Information from
the Member for Oldham.

Mr. Winston Churchill has received from Mr. Edward Clarkson, of Preston, a letter demanding an apology for references made by Mr. Churchill at the Manchester meeting to Sir William Tomlinson, M.P.

"If not forthcoming," writes the stern Mr. Clarkson, "I shall be under the painful necessity of requesting you to fix a time and place where we can settle the matter in true Lancashire fashion or Queensberry rules."

"If I fail to give you the best drubbing a lad ever had, I shall feel ashamed of my name."

The passage in Mr. Churchill's speech to which Mr. Clarkson takes exception would appear to be the following one:—

He (Sir William Tomlinson), this miserable old man—if you will allow me to say so—having done his best to profit by the speech which Mr. Chamberlain delivered, having done his best to get all the advantage he could from the popularity and prestige of that distinguished man, proceeds, when he proposes the vote of thanks, to dissociate himself from the policy Mr. Chamberlain is declaring, and begs to assure his audience that he is not wholly responsible for any part of it.

To ascertain whether Mr. Churchill intends to do battle, and, if so, how, the *Daily Mirror* called at 105, Mount-street, W., prepared to ask Mr. Winston Churchill the following questions:—

ONE-SIDED INTERVIEW.

1. Have you received a challenge? If so, what is your reply?
2. Have you accepted it, or shall you apologise?
3. If you accept, who will be your seconds?
4. Which style do you prefer—Lancashire or Marquis of Queensberry rules?
5. Have you ever seen a clog fight?
6. Where will the fight take place—at the Albert Hall or the Free Trade Hall, Manchester?
7. What is your fighting weight, and who will be your trainer?
8. When was your last personal encounter, if any?

It is to be deeply regretted that Mr. Churchill did not give the *Daily Mirror* an opportunity to propound the above questions, as his answers would have allayed the anxiety of the public in the matter. Mr. Churchill, who looked calm, but somewhat pale, said that he had no answer to give with regard to Mr. Edward Clarkson's letter.

MILLIONAIRE'S TWO WIVES.

Counsel Quotes Scotch Law on Behalf of
Miss Carrie Swain Against Mr. Gardner.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The hearing of the action brought by Mrs. Carrie Gardner, formerly Miss Carrie Swain, an actress, against Mr. Frank Gardner, well known in connection with West Australian gold mining, was continued to-day, before the first Civil Court.

The plaintiff, who contends that she is the legitimate wife of Mr. Gardner, seeks a judicial declaration to that effect, or failing it a sum of £40,000 as compensation for having been entrapped into a sham marriage. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Hollander, who, pleading for the plaintiff, contended that, although both parties to the action are foreigners, and the alleged marriage was contracted in San Francisco, the French Courts were thoroughly competent to pronounce as to the validity of the union, and to apply the law.

In support of his theories as to the hearing of the law upon the present action, Mr. Hollander made numerous references to Scottish jurisprudence, and quoted a considerable number of decisions in French, English, and American records. The further hearing of the case was adjourned.

FRENCH CABINET CRISIS.

It was expected that M. Loubet would take decisive action with regard to the Ministerial crisis last night. The "Humanité's" forecast includes MM. Clemenceau and Sarrien in the Cabinet that is about to be formed. Other names mentioned are those of MM. Rouvier, Poincaré, Leygues, and Millerand.

TOLL OF THE SEA.

Pathetic Moonlight Scene at Scotch
Fishermen's Funeral.

MANY WRECKS.

Pathetic and unusual was the scene witnessed in the early hours of yesterday morning at Port-knockie (Banffshire), on the arrival home from Stronsay of the bodies of five of the crew of the ill-fated fishing-boat *Evangeline*, which was wrecked in the recent gale.

The bodies were brought in by two steam drifters, the first carrying two of the coffins, and the second the remaining three.

Sixty fishermen journeyed specially from Stornoway to pay the last respects to their dead comrades. Grave fears are entertained at Shields for the safety of the Tyne collier *Barrington*, commanded by Captain Reay, which has not been heard of since December 28 last. Wreckage has been found on the Dutch coast which seems to prove she has foundered.

The vessel wreck at Hackness, near Stove Sanday, in the Orkney Isles, is supposed to be French. Eight bodies have now been recovered, but being all nude they give no clue as to their nationality. On one of them the words "Romón C. Crus" were tattooed. The ship has now broken in two, and is almost submerged at low water.

The steamer *Frederick Morel*, of Dunkirk, has picked up the derelict Spanish steamer *Ovieda* in the Channel.

Two lifebuoys from the Glasgow ship *Edith Mary*, which left for St. John's, Newfoundland, on September 12, have been picked up west of Cape St. Mary. She is therefore regarded as lost. She carried a crew of ten, including Scotch apprentices.

GERMAN COAL STRIKE.

English Coal Prices Steadily Increase and
Freights Rise Also.

The German coal strike still goes on, and the English coal prices are steadily increasing.

Durham gas and steam coal and freight at Sunderland have risen 1s. to 1s. 6d. per ton.

Freights to Hamburg and Rotterdam have risen 50 per cent. a ton, up to 5s. 6d. in some cases, and to London 1s. 6d. At Newcastle rates to Hamburg have gone to 5s. 3d.

Owing to the strike the pits in the Manchester districts are working to-day, which is an unusual thing.

The Scotch coalmasters have decided to raise the export quotation for manufacturing coal by 1s. a ton.

House coal in London is not affected, but steam coal went up 1s. 3d. a ton.

OLDEST BISHOP DYING.

Typical Welshman Who Had a Weakness for
Asking Conundrums.

A report from Cardiff last night stated that the Bishop of Llandaff, the oldest prelate in the country, was dying.

The Right Rev. Richard Lewis, D.D., who was born in Pembrokeshire so long ago as 1821, is the most diminutive and, despite his years, one of the most energetic of men. He is a thorough Welshman, and has been known throughout the Principality as a tireless worker. Twenty-two years ago he was asked by Mr. Gladstone to succeed Bishop Olivant.

If there is one thing more than another for which the Bishop has had a weakness it has been for asking conundrums.

TWO NEW BISHOPS.

Last night's "Gazette" announces that the King has been pleased to appoint the Right Rev. Dr. Charles Gore, late Bishop of Worcester, to the newly-founded Bishopric of Birmingham.

The Right Rev. Huyshe Wolcott, Yeatman-Biggs, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Southwark, will succeed Dr. Gore as Bishop of Worcester.

DIVER'S AWFUL FATE.

Whilst engaged in diving operations outside No. 2 Dock, Devonport Dockyard, last night, a shipwright diver named Charles Leach was lost.

It is supposed he was washed through the sluice valve into the dock.

RADICAL MANIFESTO.

In a manifesto issued yesterday the Metropolitan Radical Federation asks that the Liberal Party will do when it comes into power.

"Will it prove to be a giant with a weak brain, and consequently be rendered helpless and useless?"

THIRTEEN DEATHS UNDER THE ICE.

Tragic Roll of Young and Old
Victims of the Frost.

HEROES OF THE WEEK.

The days of the present frost have been few, but they have in their brief history a crowded list of sad accidents on the ice and heroic endeavours to save victims from their fate.

Children have been the majority of the victims.

The following is the appalling list:—

At Hoole, Chester, on January 16, a man was drowned.

At Bettisford (Shropshire), on January 18, three boys and two girls drowned while sliding on a pond.

At Leigh, Lancashire, on January 19, three boys drowned while playing on a pond.

At Grimsby, on January 19, four men drowned while skating.

A List of Heroes.

In the record of these terrible cases a boy of fourteen named Maddox, behaved heroically in the attempt to save life.

Another lad, George Sinclair, aged fourteen, was the means of averting a second Leigh fatality by holding up a child of six who had fallen through the ice.

At Grimsby, where the frail ice of the brick-pond let four men in to drown, two brave fellows, named Fred Raby and Harry Jones, with a plank and a rope, saved the life of a fifth. Afterwards, for two hours, on an improvised raft, they battered the ice and searched the water for the bodies of the victims.

A.B.C. GIRLS AGGRIEVED.

More Work and Less Pay Is the Policy of the Management.

Eighteen hundred girls at the 130 depôts of the Acreated Bread Company are dissatisfied with their lot. They have many grievances, they allege—overwork, abnormal hours, and unjust treatment.

"The staff," said one of the managers to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "is constantly being reduced, thus adding to the individual labour. Promotion goes by favour, not by capability or length of service."

"Young and inexperienced girls are being raised to the positions of managers without any advance in salary, and window-dressers are having their wages reduced from 30s. to 24s."

"I am sure the shareholders, if they only knew, would not allow it. If the company is not careful there will be trouble. It takes very little to create a revolt. Women, even in restaurants, are only human, after all."

CHESTER WANTS SOLDIERS.

War Office Now Inclined to Favour a Patriotic Demand.

The townspeople of Chester are anxious to have the Cheshire Regiment quartered in that town, instead of at Lichfield, and the Duke of Westminster having offered a site for barracks, a deputation on the subject has been received at the War Office.

Mr. Arnold-Forster thanked the deputation, which he said, was the first to approach him on the subject of quartering short service battalions in their own districts—a system in which he had great faith and hoped to see carried out.

On the information the War Department possessed Chester would not have been selected, but the facts submitted put a very different complexion on the subject.

NAVAL RELICS WANTED.

"From fear of wounding the feelings of other nations, many people seem unwilling to support the relic loan scheme," said Admiral Sir E. Fremantle at a committee meeting of the Earl's Court Naval Exhibition, held at the Mansion House yesterday.

"So far from there being any display of arrogance," the Admiral continued, "everything will be done to show appreciation of those who were formerly our enemies, but now fortunately our friends."

THE KING RETURNS TO LONDON.

The King arrived at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon from Sandringham. The Queen, with Princess Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales and the their family, leaves Sandringham to-day for Windsor.

ROMANCE OF A SIEGE.

Old Soldier's Dramatic Discovery of
His Lost Wife and Child.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.—A dramatic discovery of a long-lost wife has just been made in a registrar's office in the north of Berlin.

Entering the office with a baby in his arms, a youthful father was surprised to see the white-haired official start as he read aloud the documents containing the particulars of the parentage. The paper ran:—

"Henry Char, electrician, born September, 1871, in Vendres, France. Naturalised in Prussia 1895." Evidently greatly excited the old man invited Char into his private room, and ascertaining that his mother's name was Madelon and that she was still living, burst into tears and declared his intention of visiting the family.

It seems that the registrar, Heinrich took part in the siege of Paris, and was quartered with the Mayor of Vendres near Paris.

The daughter of the mayor and the smart young sergeant fell in love, and at the end of the five months' siege asked for permission to marry, but the girl's father refused to allow the marriage.

The sergeant departed with his regiment, promising to return at the close of the war, but the young wife waited in vain, and when a baby boy was born her father turned her out of doors to seek his father.

When discharged from the army the sergeant was provided with a good berth under Government. In high glee he started for Vendres to surprise his Madelon, but to his horror found she had been lost sight of.

Now, thirty-four years later, he has found her earning a good income by teaching languages.

CHILDREN AND THE STATE.

Sir John Gorst Declares at the Guildhall His
"Lingering Faith in Mothers."

Speaking at the Guildhall Conference yesterday on the question of the State maintenance of children, Sir John Gorst, M.P., declared himself in favour of the State's maintaining only such children as were in actual need.

A lingering faith in mothers inclined him to the

MR. HENRY TOLLEMACHE, M.P.



He enjoys the distinction of having been in the House of Commons for twenty-four years without having made a single speech.

view that well-nourished children, who were in the majority at elementary schools, had better be left to the care of their parents.

A circular signed by Lord Kelvin, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and other distinguished persons, has been addressed to all local education authorities, laying stress on the importance of the formation of a good moral character in the school training of children.

BACK TO THE LAND.

Formerly used as an agricultural college, and with buildings which will accommodate over 1,000 people, the site of 1,300 acres at Hollesley Bay, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, has been secured by the Guildhall Central Unemployed Committee in connection with Mr. Fels's scheme.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM RECOVERS

NEW YORK, Friday.—Sir Charles Wyndham has recovered from the accident which he met with on Wednesday, when he was run down by an electric tramcar, and he will play to-morrow.—Reuter.

DR. TORREY AND MR. STEAD.

Mission Is Essentially Like the
Welsh Revival.

EVANGELISTS' HOLIDAY.

Mr. W. T. Stead has been to Liverpool to see and hear for himself Dr. Torrey, the American evangelist, and his singing colleague, Mr. Alexander. Eleven years ago he met Dr. Torrey in Chicago, but the preacher was not a world-renowned evangelist in those days.

He found the hall, three miles from the centre of Liverpool, packed with 10,000 men, women, and children, and, writing to the "Christian World," states that though he had been in most of the great auditoriums of the world, he never witnessed quite such a gathering as that evangelistic meeting.

He approached the mission with some misgivings, fearing, amongst other things, that the successors of Sankey and Moody might be so much devoted to the "old-time" religion that they might present it in a way that would in the long run make more infidels than converts.

On this subject Mr. Stead wrestled till one o'clock on two mornings with Mr. Alexander, whose guest he was. He also attended four meetings and in the end was converted to a thoroughly favourable opinion of the mission.

His conclusions were that, seeing Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have been chosen to lead the Welsh revival, "we have no option but loyally to fall into line," and that those who oppose or refrain from supporting the mission will make one of the worst mistakes of their lives.

Strange, Mysterious Influence.

The movement impressed him like the Welsh revival, in respect that it possessed that "strange, mysterious influence which, in simple phrase, the people of the old-time religion called the Power of God."

Regarding the hymns, Mr. Stead's only comment was that they had nothing of eternal torment about them.

As to the 2,000-voiced choir, it was plain to him that the crowd did not come to hear a "sacred concert." Had it been so, many would have left after the first solo. The secret of the mystery must be sought otherwise.

PREPARATORY REST.

Evangelists Take a Short Holiday Before
Coming to London.

After their three months' mission in Liverpool, the evangelists, Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, will take a fortnight's holiday before beginning their six months' crusade in London, addressing two and three meetings seven days a week.

It is understood that Dr. Torrey intends going to Germany on Monday or Tuesday next. He will take a real holiday, entirely abstaining from public speaking.

His custom has always been to rest for a week between local campaigns of any duration, but his doctor advises him to rest for twice his usual period in view of the arduous work done in Liverpool and the still more formidable undertakings to come during the London revival.

Mr. Alexander seeks his rest at Birmingham, where his wife's family reside. Mrs. Alexander is the daughter of Mr. Cadbury, of chocolate fame.

The Liverpool mission is said to have resulted in over a thousand conversions.

HASLEMERE MYSTERY.

It was shown at the inquest held at Guildford yesterday that Mr. Frank Theobald, of Lee, whose skeleton was found at Tenyson's-lane, near Haslemere, had been at one time in the habit of visiting the district every year to see his father.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity, a doctor stating that the bullet wound in the jaw could have been self-inflicted.

Mr. Theobald, it appeared, had been worried because, after twenty-one years' service with an assurance company, he had to be pensioned off on account of writer's cramp.

CAUGHT BY A TRAIN.

Two sisters named Brewster were passing over the level crossing at Oakham Station when one was caught and hurled many yards by a train.

Although the engine and carriages went over her, inflicting serious injuries, there is hope of her recovery.

BRIDE IN A BATH-CHAIR.

A bride who had just previously met with an accident was taken to the altar in a bath-chair and married at St. Margaret's Church, Barking, yesterday. The bridegroom wheeled his bride from the house to the church.

RAILWAY DISASTER.

Stricken Father Identifies His Dead
Twin Sons.

In opening the inquest at Cudworth yesterday on the bodies of the six persons killed in the collision at Darfield Bridge, Mr. P. P. Maitland, coroner, said he would only take evidence of identification. He would then report the circumstances to the Board of Trade, who would hold a special inquiry on Monday.

Mr. Young, solicitor, who appeared for the Midland Railway Company, on behalf of directors and managers expressed great regret at the accident and deep sympathy with the relatives of the victims. It was five years, he said, since there had been a serious accident on the Midland Railway, which was then exonerated from blame.

Evidence of identification was then given, and the sixth body was said to be that of Henry Bradley, aged thirty-four. He was described as a racing man, and identified by the shape of his teeth and nose by his friend, Mr. John Fulton, whose address was in the dead man's pocket-book.

A pathetic scene occurred when Mr. Kinloch, a Writer to the Signet in Perth, identified the bodies of his two sons. In broken accents he explained that the brothers were twins—only 15½ years of age.

After the jury had viewed the scene of the accident the inquest was adjourned on Thursday next.

On inquiry at the Royal Hospital, Sheffield, yesterday, it was stated that the condition of Mr. Brough is still serious. Mr. Gardner, of Galashiels, and Agar, the goods guard, are no worse, and the other injured persons are progressing satisfactorily.

WATER BOARD WORRIES.

Abolishing Licences, Issuing £6,534,000 Stock,
and a Medical Mystery.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Water Board yesterday afternoon it was decided to issue £6,534,000 Three per Cent. stock to discharge the compensation payable to the New River Company.

After a lengthy discussion it was also decided that the policy of the London County Council, which is to wholly sacrifice licences when public-house property is purchased for improvement, should not be followed. The London County Council, member declared, has wasted a quarter of a million of ratepayers' money by abolishing licences.

A mysterious situation was revealed at the same meeting.

Three candidates selected by a committee for the post of medical officer were to attend, but did not, owing to a "discovery" not affecting any one of them, made at the last minute by the chairman, which unless investigated would involve an "injustice" to someone.

WHY IS TRADE BAD?

Slack Home Trade and the War Advanced as
Reasons in the City.

In presenting the shareholders of the London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., with the strongest balance-sheet ever submitted to them—dividend at the rate of eighteen per cent. per annum for the half-year—the chairman yesterday gave some interesting financial facts.

Distress and want of employment, it would seem, were occasioned by slackness in the home trade, the excess in exports being £19,017,739. The Colne Valley, Dewsbury, Batley, and neighbouring districts had benefited largely by orders from Russia and Japan. The Midlands had suffered most.

In 1904 the municipal expenditure of this country amounted to £112,000,000 more than the expenditure, whilst the State had spent £270,000,000 more than in 1894.

After remarking that they ought to feel satisfied with their financial position, the chairman at yesterday's meeting of shareholders of Messrs. Horace Cory and Co., Ltd., went on to say that the war between Russia and Japan was undoubtedly to blame for the present slow state of improvement in things generally.

WEDDING PARTY SURPRISED.

Breaking in half, one part of a carriage in which a bridal party were driving to a village on the outskirts of Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, went careering on its own, whilst the body of the vehicle, containing bride, bridegroom, and bridesmaids, remained stationary in the middle of the road.

No one was hurt, and the journey was completed on foot.

PORTIERE FETCHES 190 GUINEAS.

Of Genoa cut velvet with duplicated groups of flowers in brilliant colours on a cloth of gold ground, the whole trimmed with borders of gold a portiere fetched 190 guineas—the top price realised—at yesterday's sale at Christie's of the late Dowager Viscountess's estate's porcelain, furniture, and tapestry.

SHOT HIS WIFE IN HIS SLEEP.

Before She Could Wake Him He
Fired at Her Twice.

"A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT."

Somnambulism has been the theme of novelists from time immemorial, but never until yesterday has so striking an instance of the dangers of this affliction been brought so forcibly into real life.

While walking in his sleep, Francis Lake, living at Kay-road, Stockwell, took his revolver and fired two shots, seriously injuring his wife as she lay in bed.

Both shots hit Mrs. Lake in the right thigh, and she now lies at St. Thomas's Hospital.

The dramatic story of how unconsciously he shot his wife was told to the *Daily Mirror* by the sorrow-stricken husband yesterday.

Mr. Lake is a slim, intellectual-looking man of some thirty years of age. For some time he was in the secret intelligence service of a European country, but recently he has been an insurance agent.

Revolver in Hand.

"I remember nothing," he said, "until I awoke to find myself standing by the bed, my wife crying and struggling to take something away from me. 'You have shot me, Frank,' she cried, 'wake up!'"

"Slowly I began to realise. The thought came that I had shot myself."

"I hardly know what I did or said," continued Mr. Lake, "but I found to my horror it was true. I had shot my wife, and she was bleeding from two wounds in the right leg."

"I did what I could, and rushed out for help. I found a policeman, and told him what had happened. We took my wife in a cab to St. Thomas's Hospital. The police arrested me at first, but released me as soon as they found it really was a horrible accident."

RIVERSIDE LOVE TRAGEDY.

Discarded Sutor Shoots His Sweetheart and
Ends His Own Life.

Hours of patient search, aided by moonlight and lantern, rewarded Maidensgrove villagers by the discovery in a lonely wood of a man's dead body.

For two days the man had been in hiding. His name was Butler, and apparently he had blown his brains out with a pistol.

His love discarded, Butler shot Miss Dennis, the girl to whom he had once been engaged, and then bolted into the woods.

Yesterday a coroner's jury found that there was no evidence to prove that Butler was not insane.

MISFORTUNE AND TRAGEDY.

A terrible triple tragedy was committed at Colchester yesterday morning. Two children were murdered by their father, Mr. Arthur Rose, a boot manufacturer, who afterwards took his own life. It is supposed that recent financial losses had preyed on Mr. Rose's mind.

WIFE'S TERRIBLE STORY.

Waking up in the early morning Mrs. Curtis, of Vine-street-buildings, found her husband attacking her with a razor. Yesterday at Southwark, Alfred Curtis, who was said to have been strange in his manner for some time, was committed to the Old Bailey on a charge of attempted murder.

ABSENT HUSBAND.

Extraordinary Charges of Collusion in
a Matrimonial Suit.

Sitting as a Judge in the Divorce Division, in the absence of the President, Mr. Justice Bigham had yesterday to deal with a very curious matrimonial case.

It was a divorce petition brought by the husband, Mr. Ernest Milner Collinson, a Great Northern Railway clerk, against his wife, Mrs. Rosetta Collinson. The latter and the co-respondent, Mr. Charles Cox, a "racing man," did not deny that misconduct had taken place, but they alleged that it took place with the husband's knowledge, and that Mr. Collinson looked on without protest while his wife received presents from her lover.

Telling the husband's story first, counsel said that the marriage, which took place in 1890, was a secret one. Afterwards, when they were living in lodgings in Holloway, Mrs. Collinson introduced her husband one evening to an "old friend"—Mr. Cox.

Mr. Cox was welcomed as a visitor at the house by Mr. Collinson, but the latter afterwards became suspicious, and employed a detective to keep watch in his absence. The detective was a failure, and Mr. Collinson got neighbours to warn him, by sending telegrams when Mr. Cox came to the house, and at last surprised Cox and his wife together.

The lover's story, however, was to the effect that Mr. Collinson used purposely to absent himself from home to leave an opportunity for "tête-à-têtes."

Among the list of kindnesses that Mr. Cox alleges he did to Mrs. Collinson, to her husband's knowledge, was the gift of a diamond ring, a carpet, and a piano. Also he paid her expenses when she went to the seaside; took her to music-halls and theatres; and made her payments amounting to £4 a month.

Mr. Collinson, in the witness-box, denied these extraordinary allegations.

This strange case was adjourned.

THANKED HIS JUDGES.

Prison-breaker Makes a Courteous Speech After
an Adverse Decision.

Before the Lord Chief Justice and two other Judges of the King's Bench, yesterday, stood Arthur John Brann, whom the Bow-street magistrate has committed for extradition to South Africa. Brann escaped from gaol after being convicted of illegal diamond-buying, and was afterwards arrested in London.

Dressed in a frock-coat, and carrying a silk hat in his hand, he stood between two prison warders, and quietly acquiesced in a decision which crushed his last hope of having his case—he alleges there was a miscarriage of justice—investigated in this country. Their lordships refused to grant the rule nisi which would have given him the opportunity to subpoena witnesses from South Africa.

With the utmost courtesy Brann thanked their Lordships for the pains which, which they had listened to his application. "It will always be a pleasant recollection," he said.

FUGITIVE ON A BUOY.

Amusing Escapades of a Sailor in Evading
the Police in Cardiff Harbour.

The escapades of a Southampton sailor named James Farrell, who held the police at bay for hours, formed an entertaining story told at Cardiff yesterday.

Farrell was chased by the manager of a shop who alleges that he stole a pair of boots.

Hard pressed, Farrell made off towards the Windsor Esplanade, vaulted the sea-wall, and waded out a quarter of a mile from the shore into the middle of "West Mud"—a stretch of mire only covered by water at high tide.

Then the tide began to come in, and the police and hundreds of spectators, who were enjoying the comical situation, thought Farrell would have to retreat shorewards. But the sailor coolly took to the water, and swam out to a buoy, upon which he seated himself, and again set his pursuers at defiance.

He has been remanded.

"BULLS" AND "BEARS" NOT SHOT.

During the hearing of a case yesterday in which a Houndsditch second-hand clothes dealer sued a firm of builders for damages for obstruction caused by the tipping of material in front of the shop, it was stated that the building in course of construction was for the Stock Exchange Rifle Club.

Mr. Justice Darling: What do they shoot there—bulls or bears? Into a Morris tube, my lord.

Six of the eight members of the market police force engaged at the great Manchester wholesale market, Shudehill, were yesterday, after a long investigation at the police-courts, committed for trial at the assizes.

FROM PRISON TO THE STAGE.

John Lee Offered £100 a Week To
Appear with Berry.

HIS LONELY MOTHER.

In a picturesque Devonshire village a grey-haired woman of seventy is anxiously waiting a message from the Home Secretary to say whether the report that her son, John Lee, the Babbscombe murderer, is to be released from Portland Prison on Monday is true or not.

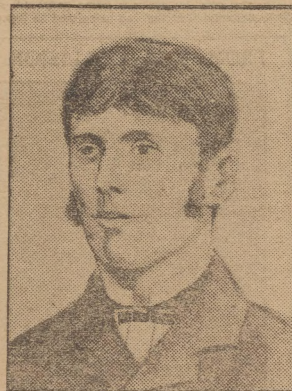
She told her story—the long waiting and almost incredible hope of reunion—with quiet simplicity to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I have not seen my son for five years, but I have had a letter from him once a month. In the last one, which was dated December 1, he wrote that his twenty years would be up in January, and then he would petition the Home Secretary for his release."

"Yet I do not know. It will be twenty years come the 23rd of February since my son John stood upon the scaffold and escaped death three times. All the folks believe he is coming out on Monday, and I hope it is true, but I have my doubts."

"When my husband died two years ago I placed

JOHN LEE.



As he appeared at the time of his trial in 1885.

all the photographs we had of our children and ourselves in the coffin with his body.

"It was agreed between us that whoever died first the survivor was to put all relics of the family in the coffin, so that they would not fall into the hands of strangers."

"I do not think he will ever come back here," she concluded. "He might appear in public to earn a little money for us to live upon; but too much money is bad for poor folks."

Meanwhile the news comes from York, through an interview with Dumas, the wonderful "memory man," with the *Daily Mirror*, that definite negotiations are being made with John Lee to appear on the stage with Berry, the ex-lingman, who could not hang him.

"The offer has been made on behalf of Mr. Gaydon, of the Middlesex Music-hall, and myself. The salary we are prepared to offer him is £100 a week."

EXPENSIVE EXPANSION.

Seventy-five per Cent. of a Benefit Society's
Funds Spent in Management.

Strange revelations were made at the Westminster Police Court yesterday, when the Empire Collecting Company was summoned in conjunction with Mr. E. S. Din, the secretary, Mr. C. Sheldrake, a trustee, and Mr. S. F. Green, the treasurer, for making an incorrect return.

Mr. George Dudley Barlow, who opened the case on behalf of the Registrar of Friendly Societies, alleged that 75 per cent. of the subscriptions from the thirty had been expended in management.

Dr. Clements Baxton, who joined the board, said he knew so little about insurance that he did not know a benefit fund was necessary! They had no money to pay claims.

The case was adjourned.

A meat inspector stated at North London Police Court yesterday that tuberculosis among swine was on the increase.

MRS. LANGTRY, DEFENDANT.

Famous Actress Tells of Her Cautious
Attitude Towards Lawyers.

Mrs. Langtry, as a "society" column would put it, looked very beautiful in a smart walking costume of dark blue when she paid a visit yesterday to Mr. Justice Warrington's Court.

She was there in the capacity of defendant in the case of "Allen v. De Bathe," a case in which Mr. H. Marsh Allen sought to recover from her the sum of £472 10s., in respect of salary which he said was due to him for taking the part of Jimmy Foster in "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," when that production of Mrs. Langtry's was performed by a touring company in New York.

At the end of a month Mr. Allen was superseceded, although no complaint, it was stated, was made of his capacity.

He had been engaged at a salary of £25 a week, and claimed sixteen weeks' salary in the place of the four weeks' salary offered him by Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Allen, she said, had expressed a doubt as to the suitability of the part to his particular style of acting. He told her that he wanted to go into sentimental parts.

But he offered to take the part while the company was in New York to help her out of her difficulty in getting an exponent.

The famous actress spoke so quickly—her elocution, of course, was faultless—that Mr. Justice Warrington interposed with a gentle "Not so fast, please."

"Not so fast?" repeated Mrs. Langtry with one of her most bewitching smiles.

Then she made the Court laugh heartily by declaring that "she never answered lawyers' letters. She was cautious."

"And your lawyer was cautious, too," retorted Mr. McCall, who cross-examined her.

Mrs. Langtry won the day, the judge declaring that Mr. Allen had not made out his case.

DUKE'S UNCLE CHARGED.

Accused of a Serious Offence Under the
Bankruptcy Acts.

Lord Charles John Ker, a brother of the late Duke of Roxburgh, and uncle of the present Duke, who recently married Miss May Goelet, was charged at Croydon Police Court yesterday with an offence under the Bankruptcy Acts.

It is alleged that he obtained corn and forage on credit to the amount of about £20 from Mr. E. Gideon Smith, of Carshalton, without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

Substantial bail was asked for by the prosecution on the ground that when a summons was issued in April last the defendant disappeared from Carshalton, and it was only by keeping close observation in London that the Scotland Yard authorities had been able to execute the warrant.

The defendant was remanded on his own bail of £100 and two sureties of £50 each.

AFTER AN ELOPEMENT.

Search for a Wife Who Returned to the
Home from Which She Ran Away.

To a detective who discovered him in the back garden of a house in Drayton-gardens, Kensington, in the early hours of the morning, George Collingwood, an Isleworth painter, protested that he was looking for his wife.

He was arrested as a suspected person, and at West London Court yesterday Mr. E. R. Ketchell, the son of the occupier of the house which Collingwood had indicated, said he did not know the prisoner, whose wife was not living at that address.

Being pressed further, the witness admitted that Collingwood was known to his sister, who ran away from home with him some time ago, but returned this week in a half-starved condition. He could not say what their relationship was.

The magistrate granted a remand for inquiries.



TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves pain, cures the wind colic, and is the best remedy for TEETHING.

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ARE ENTERTAINMENTS TOO DEAR?

"Managers Think They Are the Sole Business of Life."

WHAT IS A FAIR CHARGE?

The letters we receive taking the same view as "Infrequent Playgoer" and others, who have declared both theatres and variety theatres to be too dear, are mostly serious arguments. The letters on the other side are nearly all either abusive or sarcastic. The rest simply say that their writers do not personally find the prices too high or the hours inconvenient.

Here are some typical specimens from the large mass of correspondence on the subject received yesterday.

THE OBVIOUS REMEDY.

If your correspondents do not like the arrangements at theatres and music-halls, if they grudge the prices of their seats, if the hours of performance do not suit them, if they find the entertainments dull, they have a remedy—they can stay away.

ONE WHO IS QUITE SATISFIED.

Turf Club, Piccadilly, W.

WHY NOT BOOK ALL SEATS?

I cannot see why every seat in a theatre, whether variety or otherwise, should not be booked.

No one can like raising, as your correspondent says, "like a lot of casuals outside a workhouse." There is no doubt that this prevents large numbers of people from ever going to the theatres at all.

Eastbourne. MAUD ANSON.

QUESTION OF DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

Your captious critics' remarks seem to me unreasonable. Managers are business men, and naturally sell their wares as dear as they can. If they were too dear people would not buy them.

Then, as to times of performance, they suit many people who want a long entertainment beginning early and ending late. Everyone is not so hard at work as your correspondents appear to be (thank goodness!).

Sunningdale. R. M. McMorrow.

UNENTERPRISING MANAGERS.

I have followed the controversy on "Are entertainments too dear?" in your paper with much interest.

You are voicing the new public views which are the result of the establishment in our midst of the Coliseum and the Lyceum.

But, as a matter of fact, good though these new places are, they are far from solving the trouble. Their variety shows really lack variety, and their prices are higher than they should be for the length of the performance provided.

The real trouble is that many managers do not reckon what revenue the theatre is capable of producing (it would be filled nightly in a big city like this if things were done well and cheaply). They reckon from the point of view of expenditure, viz.: How much can I make on a small salary list if one item should hit the fancy of the public and procure decent audiences.

I knew one manager who regarded his theatre as an umbrella, and a wet night was his biggest success. The entertainment he provided was a detail.

ONE IN THE BUSINESS.

REFORM IN PRICES REQUIRED.

I know of nothing more absurd than the management methods of those responsible for the entertainments of London.

If one dines late there is no entertainment beginning, say, at nine o'clock, and charging prices commensurate with what is supplied; if one dines in the middle of the day—and there are many who do—there is no entertainment beginning at seven o'clock and closing at a reasonable hour to permit of supper and bed before midnight.

Entertainment is not the sole object of man's existence, even in London, though managers seem to organise their houses on the basis that nothing else matters.

All Luxuries Cost Too Much.

Besides, what ought to be a reasonable charge for a couple of hours' amusement? Is it not perfectly possible to provide a good two hours' play, seen from a comfortable seat, at an average of, say, one shilling; or a couple of hours' first-class variety entertainment at something like the same figure? We pay too much for all luxuries in London.

In the days when the City overflowed with wealth there were perhaps enough people to witness popular entertainments, played at the wrong hour, at high prices; life was then a pleasant circus and expense mattered little.

To-day, with the serious business of retrieving our prosperity in front of us, entertainments must be brought into line with the requirements of the people at hours and prices which will suit them.

Some managers dimly perceive this, but the whole business, as exemplified in the conduct of almost any place of entertainment we have, wants overhauling, and the manager who begins at the beginning, thinking only of the people who pass his door and forgetting the traditions he has created, will make a rapid fortune.

R. L. T.

Belgrave-square, W.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the novelist, celebrates his 44th birthday to-morrow.

Early yesterday morning a distinct shock of earthquake was felt at Redruth, Cornwall.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., was yesterday making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

At a meeting of the Stepney Board of Guardians yesterday a proposal that deserving inmates over sixty years of age should be given an ounce of tobacco weekly was lost by one vote.

SPOKE LIKE ONE.

"Are you an Irishman?" a witness was asked at Barry, Glamorganshire.

"No," was the reply, "but my mother was."

ONLY 10,279 YEARS FOR ENGLAND.

Sea encroachments and landslips during the recent storms have induced a scientific correspondent to make some interesting calculations.

At the present rate of crumbling, he estimates that Great Britain will have been entirely swallowed up by the sea in the year 12,184.

WILL TALK IMPERIALLY.

With the object of bringing a knowledge of our Colonies and dependencies before the British public a course of lectures are now being given on Sunday afternoons at Caxton Hall, Victoria-street.

To-morrow the Hon. J. H. Turner, Agent-General for British Columbia, will take as his subject, "Britain on the Pacific Coast."

NELSON CENTENARY.

It is the intention of the Admiralty to make the Nelson centenary this year as far as possible a matter of national celebration.

Several schemes are now being prepared, and it is understood that the one calculated to bring the

At Chittlehampton, Devon, a white thrush has been caught in a rabbit trap.

Scotch nail makers have advanced the prices of all kinds of steel nails 5s. per ton.

The directors of the Midland Railway yesterday appointed Mr. John Elliot superintendent of the line, in succession to Mr. Eaton. Mr. Elliot was formerly passenger agent at St. Pancras.

"MAUVE LADY'S" SLAVE.

Is there a second lady in London?

In the agony column of yesterday's "Daily Mail" appeared the following:—

MAUVE LADY.—Have I not the memory of griefs together? Cheer up.—SLAVE.

HIS HONOUR IS CLEAN SHAVEN.

Judge Owen's humour is getting less bright and more personal, says the "Western Mail."

"I can't hear what you say if you keep a door-mat in front of your mouth," said the Judge to a litigant at Newport who had an exuberant crop of moustache and beard.

WOOLWICH CENTENARIAN'S DEATH.

The corner for South-East London has been informed of the death of an old lady named Ann Booth, whose age is stated to have been 103 years.

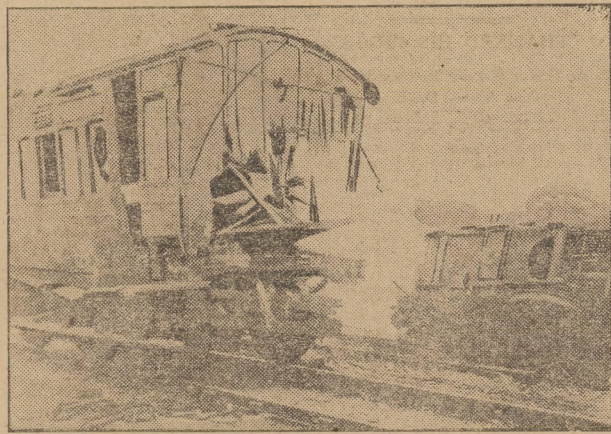
She was for some time an inmate of Plumstead Workhouse, and was a great favourite locally. Had she not fallen and fractured her thigh a few days ago, it is probable that she would have lived for several more years, as she enjoyed good health.

HONOURABLY REJECTED.

Another picture with an interesting history will, it is announced, be on view at the forthcoming Whistler Exhibition in the New Gallery.

This is Mr. Whistler's "White Girl," which was

FROM THE COLLISION ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.



One of the less seriously damaged carriages removed from the scene of the collision by the "breakdown gang."

work of the Navy most prominently before the country will receive the support of Sir John Fisher and his naval colleagues at Whitehall.

CO-OPERATIVE QUARRIES.

As solicitor for the New Co-operative Quarries (Pioneer) Society, Limited, and as solicitor for the Co-operative Quarries, Limited, Mr. J. D. B. Lewis desires to repudiate on behalf of these societies any connection with the Welsh Slate Quarries, Limited, whose prospectus has just been criticised by the Press.

BURNS'S "STINKING" EDITION.

At a public auction in Dundee a copy of the first Edinburgh edition of Burns's poems, privately printed and dated 1787, fetched £13 10s.

This edition is known as the "stinking edition," owing to a misprint in the line "Auld Scotland wants nae skinning" in the "Address to a Haggis."

ELECTIONEERING "BULL."

Considerable amusement has been caused at St. Helens by a local orator, who informed a political gathering:—

"Our representative has never had to fight an election in this constituency, and if he has to do so now we will send him back with a largely increased majority."

TO GET UP THE FACTS.

Mr. Lionel Phillips, the prospective Unionist candidate for North Paddington, left Victoria yesterday for Marseilles, en route for South Africa.

Mr. Phillips stated that he will be absent from England about three months, and intends visiting all the important industrial and mining centres in South Africa.

rejected at the Paris Salon of 1863, together with many paintings by Manet, Fautin, Latour, and other famous artists.

Incensed at the unappreciative attitude of the French Academy, Napoleon III. commanded a selection of these pictures, including Whistler's, to be shown in a special room, entitled Salon des Refusés.

SCENTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Though marvellously perfect in every other respect, artificial flowers have hitherto had the grave defect of being odorless.

This difficulty, however, has now been solved by a professor of chemistry, who enclosed the artificial flower, after being soaked in glycerine, in a box through which was sent a current of carbonic acid gas charged with the required scent.

FIFTEEN MILES FROM A POLICEMAN.

Capel Curig, an out-of-the-way little Welsh village, is being terrified by an invasion of tramps, and has appealed for the police protection it at present lacks.

At a meeting of the Carnarvonshire Police Committee, Lord Penrhyn said it was ridiculous that a place like Capel Curig should be fifteen miles away from the nearest policeman, at Bettws-y-Coed.

BIGGEST GIFT TO THE RACE.

"The biggest gift ever bestowed on the human race," said Mr. Findlay, the well-known tuber-grower, in an address to West of Scotland agriculturists, "was Paterson's potato, the Victoria."

He referred to it not as a commercial article, but to its influence on the potatoes of to-day.

"I would not give a farthing," concluded Mr. Findlay, "for a potato that could not trace its descent from the Victoria."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal

Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

OUR "COLLISION" PHOTOGRAPHS.

The series of photographs of the results of the appalling railway disaster near Cudworth, in Yorkshire, which we are able to reproduce to-day, would not, perhaps, take first prizes at an exhibition of the art of the camera; but if our readers knew the extraordinary difficulties which lay in the way of their being obtained at all, we fancy they would look at these pictures with a good deal of respect.

The question of getting to the scene of the triple collision was, of course, the first to present itself.

Men were sent off post haste from London by rail to strategical points near the spot where the collision took place, and messages went flying over the electric wires in front of them that quick motor-cars might be in waiting to carry them without delay to their ultimate destination.

To make assurance doubly sure, a sheaf of telegrams was sent to all the best photographers within a considerable radius of the place, instructing them to spare no expense in getting to the scene of the accident without delay and in obtaining the best pictures possible.

So, within a short time from the reception of the first telegram announcing the news of the catastrophe, a score or more of capable camera men were on their way to get a pictorial record of it for the "Daily Mirror."

But when they got to the spot their troubles were by no means over. Though they read that it was a fog which caused the catastrophe our readers do not perhaps at once realise that it was in that same fog that our photographers had to be taken.

The men with the cameras had to wait for slight rifts in the fog caused by rare puffs of wind, or for a brighter flare than usual from the burning wreckage. Then—snap!—the picture had to be taken on the instant or the opportunity was lost.

Of course, even the most practised skill could not make even a possible result certain every time under such conditions, and in point of fact only about one in thirty of the plates exposed was found on development to show anything except fog wreaths and clouds of smoke, so that our readers may work out for themselves the number of plates which had to be exposed that they might have the selection appearing to-day on pages 1 and 8.

A LIVING WOMAN'S DEATH CERTIFICATE.

The death certificate of a living person suggests such fearful possibilities that the facsimile of the one granted in the case of Mrs. Holden, of Hapton, near Accrington, which will be found on page 9, must needs have a grim fascination belonging to itself alone.

Not only was the doctor who had been attending Mrs. Holden convinced that she was dead, as the certificate plainly shows, but her husband also had no doubt on the matter, and made the necessary arrangements for the funeral. It was only when the undertaker, Mr. Waddington, came to measure the body for a coffin that he noticed a slight twitching of the eyelids of the supposed corpse, and, realising that the woman was alive, promptly applied restoratives.

For a long time after she was partially brought round Mrs. Holden passed from one fainting-fit into another, but her condition finally improved, and there is every hope that she will make a complete recovery. She was conscious of nothing from the time she was supposed to have died until the undertaker carried her back to her bed.

HEROISM AND DEATH.

While sliding on the pond shown in our photo on page 9, five children, three boys and two girls, fell through a large hole in the ice and were drowned. Percy Maddox, a lad of fourteen, whose portrait we have been able to reproduce on the same page, made a splendid effort to rescue them, but was unsuccessful, and, indeed, very nearly lost his own life in the attempt.

His recovery was despaired of when, just as his head appeared through the broken ice for what must have been the last time, he managed to catch hold of a rope thrown to him from the bank, and was safely rescued. Even then his chief thought was for those who had perished, for the first words he said when he was rescued were, "I am all right, but save the girls."

PROFESSORS OF FORTUNE.

The Occultists Defence League, which was responsible for the defence of Keiro at the police court, proposes to alter its name to "The College of Psychology."

In a circular it urges "a scheme for the provision of educational and examining facilities, and the granting of diplomas."

The fact that the verdict against Keiro was a "depressing effect" on the Profession, is naively admitted. But now, claiming the singular proudest "a great majority of the public and the Press are in sympathy with us."

Members are advised to "go on quietly, cautiously, and confidently, giving only written delineations to strangers."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1905.

THE AUTOMATIC M.P.

PARLIAMENT is often called in derision the "Talking-Shop." The taunt implies that its members do nothing but talk, and is generally justified. Yet we must not forget that the very name Parliament means a place for speaking. The original idea was that the nation should choose its best men and let them bring their combined wisdom to bear upon the national welfare, turning words into acts as soon as they had agreed upon the soundest courses.

What a long way we have wandered from this ideal! No one but an M.P. (and not many of them) would contend that the Houses of Parliament now contain the best Britons of the age. Very few of us can see in the dry, tiresome squabbles between parties any care for the national welfare at all. As for members of Parliament being chosen in order that the country may reap the benefit of their wise counsel, why we have one M.P. who has sat in the Commons for twenty-four years and never opened his mouth!

The gentleman who has just put forward this odd claim to distinction is Mr. Henry Tollemache, who has been elected over and over again by one of the divisions of Cheshire ever since 1831. What in the world did the electors think was the object of choosing a representative? Why in the world did Mr. Tollemache go through the solemn farce of being elected time after time and attending the sittings of the House?

The probability is that neither of them ever thought about the matter at all. Mr. Tollemache no doubt said, "It's a respectable sort of thing to go into Parliament, and I've got nothing else to do." The electors regarded elections in much the same way as they regarded the sun, moon, and stars. They happened at stated intervals. So far as they knew, they always had happened. For all they could tell, they always would happen. There was a highly-respected county gentleman soliciting their votes. It seemed to be the natural thing to give them to him.

So we get this ridiculous paradox of a representative of the nation's wisdom being sent to "the place for speaking," and never once making a speech in twenty-four years! Mr. Tollemache voted with his party regularly enough. Some will say that was all the electors expected of him. In that case why not have mechanical M.P.s? Automata could quite well do all that Mr. Tollemache did, and all that a great many other members do.

An automatic House of Commons would be much cheaper than the present one, and if a small charge were made for admission to it, as one of the sights of the capital, it might even be made to add to the national revenue instead of subtracting from it.

'WHO IS THE HAPPY HUSBAND?'

At Dunmow every year any couple who convince a jury that they are perfectly happy can get a flitch of bacon. An American student of life is going one better than this. He offers £200 to any married man in New York who can persuade "eleven sensible, honest married women" that he is contented with his lot.

It sounds like an echo of our "Single Life" controversy. Mr. Woodbury's opinion is that both men and women are happier unmarried, and he is ready to back it with £200. It is a sporting offer, certainly. We shall watch the attempts to secure the money with close attention.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Conquer your foe by force, and you increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you reap no after-sorrow.—*Po-to-hing-tan-hing.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE KING returned to Buckingham Palace from Sandringham yesterday afternoon, after a few days' very pleasant shooting in Norfolk, partly on his own preserves and partly on those of Lord Farquhar, one of his most intimate friends, whose estate is a short motor drive from his own. To-day his Majesty and many members of the Royal Family leave London for Windsor, where their main preoccupation will be the memorial service to Queen Victoria. This takes place at Frogmore to-morrow, the fourth

anniversary of her late Majesty's death. Queen Victoria, who remembered her own dead friends so faithfully, liked to think that the anniversary of her death would be kept every year by all her family. So the Frogmore mausoleum will be crowded with her children and grandchildren.

Everyone will sympathise with Mrs. George H. Boughton in the sudden loss of her husband, the well-known R.A. Mrs. Boughton is a charming woman, very popular in artistic circles, and she was devoted to her husband. She has known all the notable painters of the time, and her recep-

tions at Campden Hill-road were always crowded with well-known people. She always had her husband's interest at heart. I remember her telling me once how she met Millais while she was out shopping and stopped to talk to him. She had on her mind at the time a picture which Mr. Boughton had found hard to finish. "I'll go up and see him," said Millais, when he heard about it. He went and showed the painter a little fault in drawing which he corrected, and the picture came right at once.

A curious and pathetic story is told of Boughton's first artistic efforts. When he went to school in America (where he was taken when he was three years old) he spent most of his time in drawing elephants and other exotic beasts on a slate. The boys got to know of his talent, and five of them applied to him for pictures. He drew them pictures on their five slates, and they immediately cut the lines with a knife, so that no sponge might efface them. The master discovered this, asked who had drawn the pictures, and gave the poor little artist five thrashings as a reward. Mr. Boughton's elder brother heard of it, however, and avenged him by coming to the school and flogging the master!

Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet and playwright, has shared the fate of so many celebrities recently and fallen a victim to an accident. A snowball hit him in the face and severely hurt his eye. Signor D'Annunzio, when he published his first volume of poems, awoke and found himself famous, and he has been growing more famous ever since. He is as well-known in Italian society, especially at Rome, as he is in the literary world. He is a dandy as well as poet. He took a holiday in Egypt not long ago, and his wardrobe contained 150 neckties. He also had twelve walking-sticks, ten sunshades, and eight umbrellas. His dressing astonished society in Cairo.

His plays and novels have been translated into all the European languages. The two greatest actresses of the time—Eleonora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt—have impersonated his heroines. When Mme. Bernhardt was sent the manuscript of his play, "The Dead City," which our censor refused to let us see, she sent him a characteristically impulsive telegram. It ran thus: "Admirable, admirable, admirable." There were more "admirables" still, but those will suffice to indicate the great actress's enthusiasm.

No one could refuse Mr. "Jimmy" Glover the title of popular favourite. Every Boxing Night at Drury Lane he is the hero of the evening, his Alhambra ballet has run "All the Year Round," and he has been commissioned to write the new one for the coming year. Mr. Glover is a man of immense energy. He is probably the only man in England who knows every single one of our theatres. Not only London theatres has he directed musically, but the smallest and largest of provincial theatres as well. It is all one to him, if we can judge by his imperturbable cheerfulness, whether he conducts two men or seventy. He has conducted seventy at Covent Garden, and once, at Paisley, his orchestra for a performance of "Faust" consisted of a band of three and a small harmonium.

Politics appear to be exciting poetry just now, which means, let us hope, that they are becoming slightly more interesting. The supporters of Sir Randolph Baker's candidature in North Dorset have composed this inspiring verse in his interest, and all his friends are singing it:—

He lives in our own country, boys,
We breathe the same air as he,
We must not let the stranger come,
And null North Dorset's chair.
He's sprung from gold Dorset stock,
To Crown and country true;
You'll feel, when you have heard him speak,
He's just the man for you.

And the Liberals have retaliated with this, sung to the tune of "Bluebell":—

Good-bye, Sir Randolph, farewell to you,
Wills is our man this time, we know he's true;
Your Tory tactics we have found too thin,
We'll work for Wills this time, and Wills will win.

One of the assets on Sir Randolph Baker's side, apart from verse, ought to be the Somerset and Dorset Joint Railway, which was created by the candidate's uncle. But the line unfortunately is not as effective as it might be—it is a lingering, languid service, and unkind people have suggested that the letters "S" and "D.," which mark its rolling stock, stand for "Slow and Doubtful." But slowness and doubt are not Sir Randolph's failings, and he is certainly doing his best to prove it in the actual campaign.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 21.—It is a mistake to think that the wild flowers of wood and meadow will not grow in our gardens. With proper culture and pure air they can be made to flourish. Who shall dare to call them "common things"?

One has sufficient space in a very charming garden to make a wild-flower corner. Here in spring we can have primroses, cowslips, blue-bells, wood anemones, and even a few humble little celandines. I have large masses of these in my garden, they are a source of delight every year.

In summer wild marguerites, fox-gloves, mul-leins, marsh marigolds, etc., will be gay. Arches can be covered with honeysuckle, the wild rose, and traveller's joy. E. F. T.

TEACHING HIS GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS.



Speaking at the dinner given in his honour at the National Liberal Club, Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., said that "as a friend he impressed upon the Liberal Party that when they came to power they must be united, and there must be no sectional differences."

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

What Famous Old Men Advise.

I ATTRIBUTE my longevity to non-smoking, with plenty of outdoor exercise and moderation in eating and drinking. I am not a vegetarian.—Lord Gwydyr, oldest member of the House of Lords, aged ninety-four.

I never smoke, but am no abstainer, though always moderate in food and drink, and avoid pigst as much as possible.—Lord Nelson, aged eighty-one.

I eat meat of every kind. My meals consist of four daily. I was ninety-two last March.—Sir William Leech Drinkwater.

I take very little meat of any kind. I never used tobacco, and I sleep about nine hours every night.—Sir William Huggins, president of the Royal Society, aged eighty.

I am a strict vegetarian. I take no tea, coffee, cocoa, or any hot drink, no intoxicants, no narcotics, sedatives, or stimulants, and no drugs. I can read aloud for five or six hours a day, an exercise I regard as very conducive to health.—Professor Mayor, aged eighty-one.

I have contented myself with two good meals a day—breakfast and dinner. I do not abjure the use of tobacco, but I am sure it does no one any good.—W. P. Frith, R.A., aged eighty-six.

[From the "Grand Magazine," the new publication of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.]

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Marquis of Bath.

HE is rather a young man and cannot be said to know much of official work, but, at any rate, he will make a very dignified Under-Secretary of State for India.

He has no special qualifications to succeed Lord Hardwicke, except that he is very unlike him. Forty-three years of age, he ought to have a dignified white beard to bear out his patriarchal manners, but as a matter of fact he is a particularly young-looking man, with the unusual possession of blue eyes and a dark complexion. On the whole, he is handsome, and he is certainly always nice.

So far, his chief claims to fame have been sitting in the House of Commons for the Franchise Division of Somerset, before he came in for the title, and the possession of 15,000 acres and the finest Elizabethan mansion, Longleat, in Wiltshire, to be found in England.

He is such an exclusive person that he is seldom to be seen in London society, and spends most of his time in the country, where he has earned the name of a keen sportsman.

He is to be praised in that he has never given his allegiance to Christian science, though his wife was one of the earliest and keenest converts.

THE NEW HAMLET.

Mr. H. B. Irving is to play Hamlet—a part in which Sir Henry Irving made one of his most notable successes.

The ghost of our new Hamlet's father will surely discomfit him rather. Since none will hail him as a star, Unless his Dane is "up to par!"

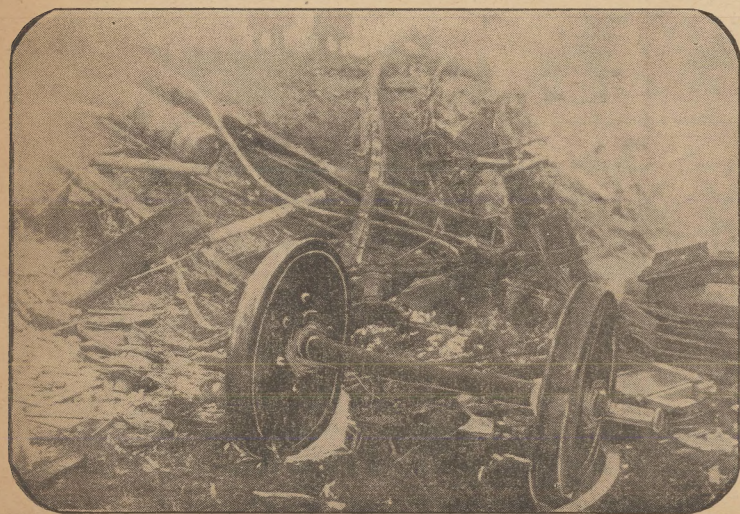
AFTER THE TRIPLE COLLISION IN YORKSHIRE.



The bodies of the coaches were lifted from their frames and hurled yards away by the force of the impact.



So complete was the destruction of part of the trains that, as this photograph shows, the wreckage resembles nothing so much as a heap of firewood.



The heavily-built carriages were reduced to splinters, as seen above.

WHERE THE ATTEMPT ON THE T



It was at the finish of the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva, at St. Peter and Paul, that the attempt was made to assassinate the Tsar. Case-shot was fired from the crowd. Imperial Majesty was standing in the foreground.

MORE COLLISION PICTURES.

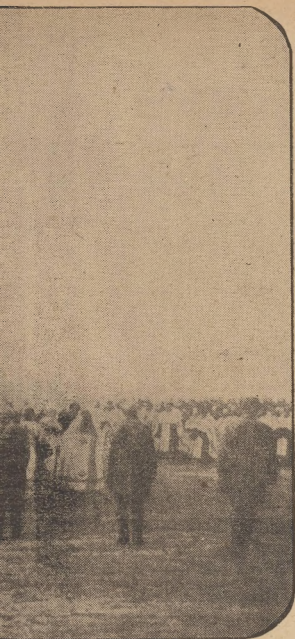


The pilot engine of the Scotch express was thrown on its side upon the slope of the embankment as seen in this photograph.



The wreckage on the top of the embankment, showing how nearly the whole of the carriages were hurled off the line.

AS LIFE WAS MADE.



as shown in the photograph above, that saluting guns towards the spot where his

STOCKWELL SOMNAMBULIST.



ancis Lake, of Kay-road, Stockwell, who, ile in a somnambulist condition, shot his e. Mrs. Lake is said to be seriously injured.

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY'S HEROISM.

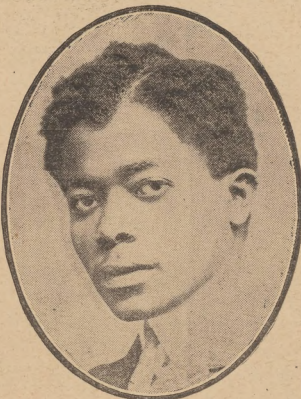


Thomas Maddox, aged fourteen, who nearly lost his life in an attempt to save the five victims of the Bettisfield drowning tragedy.



The fatal pond at Bettisfield, in Flintshire, fifteen miles from Ruabon, where five children were drowned, at the point marked +, through the ice giving way while they were sliding. Five other children almost miraculously escaped.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.



Who will shortly arrive in England on an unofficial visit. It is understood he has a proposition of great political importance to make to the British Government.

IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT STORM.



Searching for the bodies of the seamen who perished in an attempt to reach the shore from the tug shown in the photograph off Ramsey, in the Isle of Man.

THE DEATH CERTIFICATE OF A LIVING WOMAN.

Not to be used by any other than a Registered Medical Practitioner.
BIRTHS AND DEATHS REGISTRATION ACT, 1874.
MEDICAL CERTIFICATE of the CAUSE of DEATH.
To be given by the Medical Attendant to the Person whose duty it is to give it, with information of the Death, to the Registrar of the Sub-District in which the Death took place, and TO NO OTHER PERSON.

J 7346

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I attended Esther Elizabeth Holden during her last illness, that such Person's age was stated to be 26 yrs; that I last saw her alive on the 14th day of Jan 1905; that she Died on the 16th day of Jan 1905, at Seaman Road and that to the best of my knowledge and belief the Cause of her death was as hereunder written:

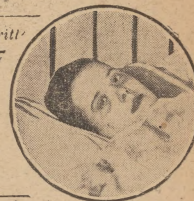
Cause of Death		Duration of Illness	
Primary	Secondary	Years	Months
<u>Morbus Cordis</u>	<u>Exhaustion</u>		

Witness my hand, this 16th day of January 1905

Signature J. Robson Shotton

Qualification as registered by Medical Council MRCS L.R.C.S.

Residence Hapton



N.B.—THIS CERTIFICATE IS INTENDED SOLELY FOR THE USE OF THE REGISTRAR, to whom it should be delivered by the Person giving information to him of the particulars required by law to be registered concerning the Death. Penalty of £2 for neglect of Informant to deliver this Certificate to Registrar.
*The Registrar-General cautions all persons against accepting or using this certificate for any purpose whatever except that of delivering it to the Registrar.

Facsimile of the doctor's certificate of death which was given in the remarkable case of Mrs. Holden, of Hapton, near Accrington, who was discovered to be living by the undertaker who was measuring her body for a coffin.

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

THE OBEDIENCE OF ALI SHAH.

It was quite early in the morning, and, as yet, the fierce rays of the sun had not dulled the bright sparkle of the dew diamonds on the brown, patchy turf of the officers' tennis court.

Under the shade of the verandah of the gunners' mess Captain Baddeley sat reading a three-day-old copy of the "Times of India," oblivious of the important charge entrusted him a few minutes before by Mrs. Major Palfrey, of the Hussars. He was brought to a sense of his responsibilities by a small and plaintive voice at his elbow.

"Captain Baddeley," "Well, Pop, what do you want?" asked the Captain. "I want to go an' talk to de utteers," replied Pop, rubbing her cheek softly upon his arm. "Call 'em elephants, Pop, not utteers," began the Captain solemnly; "you know that your mamma does not like you to talk 'native' like that."

"I want to go an' talk to de tellerfants, then," persisted the child. "So you like to talk to the elephant people, do you?" queried Baddeley. "Iss," assented Pop. "I talk to Ali Shah. He is my friend, an' he lets me swing in his chank." "Let's you swing in his chank, does he?" said Baddeley to himself. "I think I'd better give Mrs. Palfrey the tip to keep her little girl out of the elephant lines until old Ali's temper gets a bit more settled, unless we have to put a shot through his skull in the meantime."

The words were muttered beneath his breath, but Pop was no exception to the proverb concerning little pitchers. "Ali's a very kind uttee," she rejoined hotly; "he is only cross because his new mahout hits him on his fingers and teases him an' makes him cry. You wouldn't like a black man to hit you on the nails, and call you 'pig,' would you?"

"But I'm not an elephant, Pop," protested Baddeley. "It hurts Ali Shah just the same," replied the small mortal. "I know it, because Chunder Lal, the chief of the mahouts, told me so, an' he knows all about the tellerfant people. He teaches me to talk to them, an' tells me stories that his father told him, who was the mightiest tellerfant hunter in the whole world. The tellerfant people don't like to be called 'pig.' If you speak to them, you must call them 'pearl,' or 'beloved of kings,' or 'wise as the snake.' Then they will love you, an' go where you tell them, an' will swing you in their chanks. Now we will go an' talk to them."

Having finished her plea for the elephants Pop slipped her tiny hand into Baddeley's, and dragged him off to the great trench that surrounded the fort, in which the elephants who dragged the great siege guns had their quarters.

Down in the moat there were sounds of restlessness. The elephants were trumpeting loudly, and treading the baked, hard earth with padded thumps. All were rocking at their pickets, as steamers roll in a heavy swell, with the exception of Ali Shah, who was standing quite still, with his great ears spread forward like gigantic fans, whilst his little eyes flashed with an ugly twinkle.

Presently he lifted his trunk and gave forth a sonorous trumpeting, to which all the other elephants in the lines answered in chorus. "What ho! 'e ain't 'arf talkin' to 'em!" laughed an artilleryman, who was leaning on the low wall that overlooked the elephants' quarters. Then his ear caught the sound of twinkle, and, approaching steps, and he stood to attention and saluted.

"What's the trouble with the elephants this morning, Dubby?" asked Baddeley. "It's old Ali Shah, sir," replied Private Dubby, saluting again. "E's at-talkin' sedishun an' treason to the other utteers like a regular agitator." "And what's the cause of the discontent?" asked Baddeley.

"The Major's been stoppin' their grog, sir," answered Private Dubby, with the slightest suspicion of a twinkle in the corner of his eye. Baddeley smiled behind his moustache. He remembered how, against his advice, the Major, who was fresh from Woolwich and full of enthusiasm and economy, had decided that, henceforth, the daily allowance of arrack for the gun elephants was to be stopped.

"Yes, yes, I know all about that, Dubby," interrupted the Captain, with warning in his tones. "Now, this is Mrs. Palfrey's little girl, and I want

MR. LEWIS WALLER



As Henry V., in Shakespeare's play, which he revives to-night.—(Langlier.)

you to take her up to the mess, where I expect her mother will be waiting for her."

Pop's expressive face lengthened at this proposal. "Here, Dubby, take this rupee and go home by way of the Long Cut. Get missy a doll at the Europe shop and keep the change, but don't buy her any sweets, mind."

Private Dubby saluted energetically, and Pop took his hand without protest. The contemplated purchase of a doll put a very different aspect on things. Furthermore, Private Dubby was a trusted friend.

"Good-bye—ta-ta, Cappen Baddeley!" cried Pop, with a condescending wave of her small hand. "Lift me up to see Ali Shah befo' I go home." Baddeley dutifully did as he was bid, so that she might peer over the low wall down on to the elephant pen below.

Ali Shah, with uplifted trunk, looked a very warlike elephant indeed, with his great ears swung forward and his one remaining tusk cocked viciously into the air.

"Ohe, Ali Shah," cried Pop in shrill Hindustani, "what is this I hear of thee, most wicked? Has not the Prophet forbidden the use of strong drink to his people?" Then, speaking in English, "You naughty tellerfant! Do you know, I see a good mind never to speak to you again unless you're a good tellerfant at once!"

Ali Shah cocked his ears as he heard the shrill little voice rating him from the wall overhead; then he dropped them, together with his trunk,

and looked as near like a detected pickpocket as it is possible for an elephant to look. He heard and he understood.

"Now run along," said Baddeley, laughing as he dropped Pop to the ground. "Ali Shah's a very naughty tellerfant. I'm quite spriced at him!" replied Pop solemnly, as she toddled off, hand in hand, with Private Dubby.

Twenty minutes later, when Baddeley, after paying a couple of calls, turned into the long, irregular street known as the Long Cut, he was nearly carried off his legs by a rush of screaming, struggling natives, who poured through the narrow causeway, shouting "Ha hi! Ha hi!"

In a few seconds the street was deserted, and he started back, as, round a bend of the street, came the recalcitrant Ali Shah, broken away from his pickets. He turned to run, for what else was there to do in a narrow street, with all its door barred and a raging bull elephant in possession of the right of way? But Ali Shah swerved aside in his career.

There was a loud crash, and he disappeared into the elaborate European plate-glass and mahogany window of Durak Baba's European beer-shop and American bar. Ali Shah had evidently gone in to get a drink, Baddeley decided, as he stopped in his flight.

Then, as one of the terrified customers dashed past him, he collared him and threw him to the ground.

"You scoundrel! I saw you run out of the pub. What have you done with the child?" he demanded.

It was Dubby, cut about the head and face, his eyes starting with terror, and smelling villainously of his early morning drink. "She's in the Europe shop, sir," whimpered Dubby, who was badly frightened. "Hi thought I might leave 'er in there to choose 'er doll while I went an' got myself a bottle of ginger-beer."

Then Private Dubby wrenched himself free and ran, for Ali Shah had withdrawn his massive head and shoulders from what was left of Durak Baba's establishment, and was standing menacingly in the middle of the street with the framing of that gorgeous European shop-front hanging round his neck like a wreath of honour.

Just then the door of the Europe shop opened, and a tiny figure struggled into the street to run towards the undecided elephant.

"Oh, wicked, wicked tellerfant," cried a well-known voice. "Now you just come home with me at once, or I'll give you such a smacking!"

Baddeley's heart turned to water within him, for there was Pop standing almost beneath the brute's feet, shaking a warning finger at him. "Hur-r-umph!" snorted Ali Shah, rebelliously, but his ears dropped back and he began to look ashamed of the decoration that dangled uncomfortably from his neck.

"Come home, wicked one!" commanded Pop. "But there was no wickedness left in Ali Shah. He started submissively for his lines, receiving a severe dressing-down as he did so—a dressing-down administered in a shrill, high-pitched treble, half in Hindustani, half in English, that all might hear and understand his wickedness and his disgrace."

"What will Private Dubby think of you, foolish one?" the voice demanded as they passed the doorway in which Baddeley stood, spellbound in wonderment.

It was already beginning to look very miserable to care about what Private Dubby thought of him.

"What am I to tell Chunder Lal of thee?" demanded the small voice again—small, but as piercing as the voice of conscience.

"It is I," began Baddeley. "Well, I'm," said Chunder Lal, who had come hurrying up a side street in chase of the truant. "Allah has made the hands of a little child very strong, and Ali Shah will go back to his pickets in peace."

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING TO-DAY.

The Soul of the Ant.

Among the suspected new traits of ants is that of hypnotism, and of the ability to recognise individuals of their own kind after a separation of several years.—"Science Stiftings."

When One Is Young.

It always seems to me that there are but two periods of life when one does not feel old, and those are before seven and after seventy.—Mrs. Henry Graham, in the "Onlooker."

A Barbarous Invention.

The telephone is conducive to bad manners. Where, pray, is the effect of the most dignified presence unseen, or the sweetest voice served up by the screaming instrument with which we all now cannot exist?—"Black and White."

Those Who Die Many Times.

Sympathy with nervous people is difficult to acquire, yet they deserve it, for they seem to suffer less so many times, while to those of good courage it can come only once.—"Sporting and Dramatic News."

Getting Tired of Them

Parks are devoted to beauty, quiet and repose, and no one has as yet ascribed any of these qualities to an elevated railway. The latter is only a tolerated means of transit in a great city. The day

MISS SARAH BROOKE.



The French princess in "Henry V." at the Imperial Theatre.—(Langlier.)

is coming, perhaps, when New York will insist upon subway and surface transit as the only means that can be tolerated in a metropolis.—"New York Tribune."

What a Yawn Really Is.

Yawning is a complex, automatic, physiological phenomenon whereby the lungs are fully expanded, the heart is stimulated to greater activity, and, probably, the blood is charged more fully with oxygen. It commences with an involuntary spasm of certain of the muscles of mastication and deglutition; its termination is akin to the process of sighing, and, like this manifestation of deep breathing, it reinforces respiration.—"The Lancet."

OUR NEW SERIAL.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

A story of tragic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—two men and one woman.

Vanna Tempest was loved by Anthony Heron; and her husband, Dick Tempest, the best and kindest of souls, a man in a million, came to the conclusion that he was in the way. It all happened out of a burst of generosity on the part of the husband, who, desiring that his discontented wife should taste for a time the joy of luxury and gaiety which had once been hers in prosperous days, placed in her hands the sum of £800 (the result of a speculation advised by Heron), saying, "Go up to London and have a good time. Anthony Heron will look after you."

Anthony Heron was a financier, a man of strong individuality and fascinating personality. In vain the woman struggled against the new love that was awakened, and soon she was meeting her lover by stealth for an hour or two at a time, drifting into danger.

Suddenly Dick Tempest learns of his wife's deception, and commits suicide to free her from the bondage of her marriage. Vanna Tempest returns home, after an apparently innocent visit to London, to find her husband dead. Her daughter Joan, a girl always strongly attached to her father, is grief-stricken, and says in a moment of passionate anger, "Mother, I believe it was all your fault."

Tony Heron is inexpressibly shocked by the tragedy. His feelings recoil. He cannot see Mrs. Tempest again, and, with characteristic cowardice, persuades a worldly-minded but good-hearted friend, Lady Betty Somerville, to break the news to the widow, and offer her, as a solatium, an income of £2,000 a year.

The offer turns the deserted woman, and her heart breaks; but being absolutely penniless she accepts the money upon the advice of Lady Somerville.

Then three years elapse.

CHAPTER XIII.

The mind has a thousand eyes, The heart but one; Yet the light of a whole life dies When love is done.—Bourdillon.

Three years had wrought no appreciable change in the outward appearance of Vanna Tempest. If anything, she looked a little younger; certainly she looked very much smarter, for she dressed perfectly, and spent a very considerable portion of her income of £2,000 a year on her frocks.

Those three years seemed incredibly long at times, while at others they seemed to have passed with incredible swiftness, in a flash, as it were, leaving only a blurred and indistinct series of impressions.

She had left England a few weeks after her husband's tragic death. Lawyers had attended to all the business details.

Anthony Heron's lawyers paid £500 for her credit at her bank immediately, and that sum had been paid with scrupulous regularity every quarter, and would be until her death, under a verbose legal document, executed by Anthony Heron, and in the possession of her own lawyers.

She had not taken Joan with her then. She wanted to be quite alone, so Joan had gone back, a

white-faced, red-eyed, black-clothed girl, to the Eastbourne school, to work at her lessons and cry her heart sore for the father she had so loved.

Vanna went to a little place on the Italian Riviera, and moodily commended with herself for three months, seeing no one, speaking to no one, living down a hell in her soul.

For more than a year she could not stay for more than a few days in one place. An unconquerable spirit of unrest possessed her, a veritable demon, that drove her on and on, from one fresh scene and environment to another. During that time she thought very little of her father.

It was not until Richard Tempest had been in his grave for eighteen months that she made any serious attempt to settle down, and it is very doubtful whether she would have done so then, were it not for the fact that Joan would shortly be leaving school.

It was then that she made a valiant effort to face the present and the future, and took a very charming apartment on the first floor of No. 19, Rue Marbeuf, which runs between the Avenue des Champs Elysees and the Avenue de l'Alma, and furnished it delightfully, out of a very considerable balance she had saved from her really handsome income.

The appartement in the Rue Marbeuf was her salvation, and it marked an epoch. Vanna Tempest took up her life a good deal more or less at the point where she had left it two years ago. And a year of Paris, punctuated by a month in Spain and a month in the Engadine, produced the Vanna Tempest we now see.

She had been driving her 30 horse-power Mercedes in the Bois de Boulogne, accompanied only by her Swiss chauffeur, and her pet toy horse Pompey. It was a crisp, sunny afternoon early

in March, and Paris was rapidly filling, for the wallows were returning from Africa and the Côte d'Azur.

She had come in flushed with the keen air, which still had more in it of the bite of winter than the kiss of spring, and had flung her pony-skin motor-coat on the floor, sunk into a chair before a blazing fire in an English grate, and ordered tea and muffins. Vanna was still very English.

Pompey curled up on the hearthrug at her feet, and snorted contentedly. Vanna stretched herself and yawned. The rapid spin through the Bois had failed to dispel the oppressing sensation of dissatisfaction and boredom which had been with her all the day. She had a very bad fit of the "blues," or, as Joan would have expressively put it, she had a "fearful lump."

Vanna was subject to moods, fits of violently hysterical depression, alternating with periods of almost hilarious gaiety.

To-day had been one of the blackest of her black days, and, try as she might, she could not shake off her intense depression of spirits.

A well-trained English man-servant brought in the tea and placed it by her side.

"Is Miss Joan in, Hobson?" she asked absently.

"No, ma'am," replied Hobson.

Vanna betrayed hardly any interest, as she asked:

"Did she say when she'd be back?"

"No, ma'am."

"I suppose you don't know where she has gone."

"No, ma'am," said Hobson, "but I'll ask Suzanne. She will probably know."

"Never mind, Hobson," said Vanna, stifling a yawn. "It doesn't matter. Light the spirit-lamp, please."

(Continued on page 11.)

ROJESTVENSKY AS ROMANCER.

The Story of a Famous Victory
Which Never Took Place.

BARANOFF THE BLUFFER.

How the World Was Hoaxed in 1877 by the
Present Admiral of the Baltic Fleet.

In a day or two the International Tribunal in Paris will be hearing such evidence as Admiral Rojestvensky can furnish in support of his theory that there were Japanese torpedo-boats among the

ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY,



Who helped to "hoax" Europe in a bare-faced manner in 1877.

Hull fishing vessels upon which the Baltic Fleet fired.

An interesting question arises out of this. Will the Tribunal allow Britain to put in evidence of the Admiral's past career in order to show that he has a habit of "seeing things which are not there"? If such evidence is admissible, there is one incident in his past life which is certain to be dragged to light.

THE ROMANCE OF THE VESTA.

In 1877, when Russia was at war with Turkey, she had in Turkish waters a small warship called the Vesta. It was under the command of a certain Captain Baranoff, and Rojestvensky was his lieutenant.

One day there arrived at the Admiralty Office in St. Petersburg a long report signed by these officers. It gave an account of a brilliant victory which the little Vesta had gained over a large Turkish ironclad. This was, in effect, what Captain Baranoff and Lieutenant Rojestvensky said:—

As soon as the Fethi Bouland (this was the name of the Turkish vessel) came in sight we

determined to go straight for the foe, and either board her or blow her up.

The moment we were within range the guns were ordered to do their utmost, and a heavy rifle-fire was directed at the enemy's decks.

Conspicuous among those on board the Fethi Bouland were a Turkish officer in a fez, and two foreign officers in blue uniforms. Three of our best sharpshooters were told off to dispose of these leaders, and were promised special rewards if they could pick them off. In this they very soon succeeded. All three officers were accounted for.

The disparity in the size and armament of the two vessels made the struggle a terribly severe one for us, but at last, after five hours' hard fighting, victory declared itself on our side.

The final blow was delivered when Lieutenant Rojestvensky fired with his own hand from a mortar placed on the upper deck of the Vesta a shell, which dropped right into the funnel of the Turkish ironclad. This shell exploded below, disabled the principal deck-gun, and caused such a serious fire that the Fethi Bouland became enveloped in smoke. Then, moving with evident difficulty, she turned round and disappeared.

Naturally this report was read with enthusiasm by the St. Petersburg public and by Russians everywhere. The newspapers sang the two heroic officers' praises every day.

THE HERO IS "LIONISED."

Lieutenant Rojestvensky, who took the report home, and gave the authorities a verbal story of the encounter, was the man of the hour in the Tsar's capital. Captain Baranoff was made a "lion" wherever he went. Fetes were given in his honour, and the Tsar awarded him not only a decoration and a rise in rank, but also a pension of 2500 a year. Humpty-Dumpty was on the wall indeed.

But just as the story of Humpty-Dumpty goes on to tell us that he had a great fall, so was there a painful tumble from their pinnacle of fame in store for Captain Baranoff and Lieutenant Rojestvensky. One morning the world woke up and read in the "Times" a letter from the admiral of the Turkish fleet denying that there was any truth in the two officers' story. "The two vessels," said this unkind document, "were never within two miles of one another. The ironclad received only one spent shot, which did no harm."

"WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT"

Of course this was at first treated in Russia as merely an "official" denial. But a few days afterwards there appeared in a St. Petersburg paper a letter from Rojestvensky himself, confirming the Turkish version of the affair, and declaring that the report was entirely an effort of Captain Baranoff's imagination!

The lieutenant and the captain had quarrelled. The former thought that too much fuss was being made about his superior and not enough about himself. So he decided to play for his own hand and throw Baranoff over. The result was Baranoff's dismissal from the Navy.

So curious, however, are the ways of Russian Administration, and so little did his fellow-countrymen really blame him, that he was allowed to enter the Army and to reach the rank of General. Finally, he was made a member of the Russian Senate!

Rojestvensky's share in the hoax was overlooked. He remained in the Navy, and eventually became an Admiral, and now the Paris tribunal is solemnly considering whether his word is good enough to be taken on trust!

He was with another man, and was walking. She was driving her automobile. He looked just the same.

She supposed it must be because she had read that very morning in the "New York Herald" that he was staying in Paris now that her thoughts had dived into the sternly-banned past; but this unwelcome mental excursion was interrupted by the entrance of her daughter.

Joan Tempest at seventeen had fulfilled the prediction that any discerning person would have made who had seen her in her lanky childhood; she was far more beautiful than her mother had ever been. The thin cheeks had filled out a little—just enough; the marble whiteness had warmed into a rich cream; and her eyes, that had been the same, darkly, fiercely, beautifully blue; but the mass of dark bronze hair, puffed out above the low, square forehead and around the delicate ears, took away the blackness and straightness of the brows that had seemed too marked for feminine beauty in the days when her hair was brushed smoothly back and bound into a schoolgirl's plait.

There was any fault to find in the girl's face now; it was the expression of deep and habitual gravity that it wore. It was not natural in a girl of seventeen. But it had its charm, too, for when her rich red lips did part in a smile it so changed her that people not only thought her face beautiful, but the most beautiful they had ever seen.

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Vanna smiled now, as the girl came up to the fire, pulling off her gloves; but her smile had no longer the magic that she had handed down to her daughter. She had lost it. She had caught a momentary glimpse of him in the Rue de la Paix.

"THE SECRET WOMAN."

Mr. Eden Phillpotts Takes Up a New
Line and Writes a Serious Novel.

A TRAGEDY OF DARTMOOR.

It is not often that a novelist makes a name with a particular line of story and then branches on to another line with equal success.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts made his name as a witty writer. In his latest book, "The Secret Woman" (Methuen, 6s.), he has tried to become a serious writer, and the result is decidedly disappointing.

He is a west-country man, so it is only natural he should choose Dartmoor as the setting for his tragedy, but it is a pity that he cannot conjure up Dartmoor to his readers. If you know Dartmoor you miss the real atmosphere, if you do not know it you will get quite a wrong impression.

MURDER FOR REVENGE.

And the story. It is not exactly a pleasant one. Ann Redvers, a hard, strong woman of the moors, sees her husband commit adultery, and in revenge murders him by pushing him down a well on the farm when his back is turned.

Her two sons witness the crime, and decide to keep it secret—though one, Jesse, sides with his father, and the other, Michael, with the mother.

The story is further complicated by the fact that Jesse is in love with the "secret woman," the murdered man's mistress. For the sake of her father, who is in financial difficulties, she consents to become engaged to Jesse. If the story were magnificently told it would be possible. But it is not magnificently told.

Wit suits Mr. Phillpotts better than tragedy.

MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON,



The Pistol in Mr. Waller's revival of "Henry V."—(Langtler.)

THROUGH THE MIRROR.

DUTIES OF DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Will any lady state definitely the duties of a cook and house-parlourmaid in a doctor's house where two servants are only kept?

In my home there were six or seven servants kept, and I regret to say I never knew their duties. Now I am told different things every day. Where a book on the subject? NEWLY WED.

FOOD FADDISTS ALL RANKS.

I was lunching in a vegetarian restaurant to-day and I was struck by the weird appearance of the persons at the tables.

I have made inquiries, and I have ascertained that no Englishman who lives on vegetables ever attains distinction.

Can you tell me the name of any English vegetarian who is not a crank? DEEFSTEAKS.

MORE MEN COOKS.

Why are Englishmen the only men who w not cook?

Women cooks are getting scarcer every year. Would it not be better for men who need work badly to learn cooking, and go into service as cooks—better, at any rate, than loafing about getting free breakfasts, starving, and whining about not getting work?

ONE WHO WANTS A COOK.

Bedfont, Middlesex.

UNFILLED GRAVES.

Can any of your readers tell me whether it is the custom in cemeteries to leave graves unoccupied for two or three days?

I have just lost a near and dear relative, and in visiting the cemetery with flowers the day after the funeral was horrified to find the grave just it had been left the day before, with all the wreaths scattered round about.

I immediately called the superintendent, but was politely informed that "it was the usual thing." Sydenham. W. M.

CONFESSIONS OF A CIVIL SERVANT.

As a retired upper division clerk of the Civil Service, I cannot allow your correspondent's statements to pass without protest.

If a title of what he alleges is truth, it only proves him to be dishonourable and dishonest in accepting pay for work and duties which he admits he does not perform.

He states: "When the work is very short the heads of department can grant sick leave on full salary for six months and on half-salary for another six months." This is a downright falsehood. No department have the chiefs such power. Sick leave is granted on medical certificate only. M.

A GRAVE NATIONAL QUESTION.

Your excellent article, under the above heading sheds some light upon a subject which has puzzled me.

Some months since I requested a brief interview with the authorities at the War Office in order to lay before them a case of "mistaken identity," which some respects more serious than even that of Mr. Beck.

Mr. Arnold-Forster refused. Neither he nor the Army Council even acknowledged the receipt of my letters.

"Caps" must have so engrossed the faculties of those War Office gentlemen that they have lost interest in such trivial things as justice and ordinary courtesy.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN KINGSTON, Chaplain R.N.
5, Ilchester-gardens, W.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

When the man had left the room, she kicked Pompey rather viciously—he was reclining at her feet. She felt inexpressibly annoyed with everything and everybody.

She lay back indolently in her chair and looked around her. It was a pleasing room. It was furnished conventionally, more or less à l'Empire. It was Vanna's own particular room—her boudoir—but it had that indefinable aspect which rooms have when they are rarely lived in. 'Twas too neat and prim, and the general impression it gave was certainly not of comfort. True, there were a few books and periodicals on the table, and the delicate aroma of an Egyptian cigarette pervading the room, for Vanna's highly-strung nerves required cigarettes to soothe them.

She lit one now, as she played with her tea and hot buttered muffin, but soon threw it away. She was unusually restless and nervous; everything irritated her.

For some inexplicable reason, she had been thinking of the past to-day, that past which for three years she had set herself to blot out of her mind and memory. She had succeeded to a very large extent, because she was a woman of strong will, and because a man had, three years ago, plucked out her heart and thrown it away, leaving in its place something that was like a stone, cold and incapable of feeling.

She had never heard a word from Anthony Heron since her husband's tragic death. She had only seen him once, and that had been quite by accident, and he had not seen her. It had been in Paris, about a year ago. She had caught a momentary glimpse of him in the Rue de la Paix.

determined to settle down and take up her life again that that had become thin and artificial.

"Where have you been?" asked Vanna carelessly.

"I've been out for a walk. It's such a lovely day."

"Where did you go for your walk?" she asked abruptly.

"To the Luxembourg Gardens and back."

"Alone?" said Vanna, with uplifted brows.

"I walked there alone," the girl answered, without the slightest hesitation. "I met Billy in the Gardens, and he walked back with me."

"You ought not to gab about Paris with that young man in the way you do," replied Vanna, but her tone was half-hearted. "You must remember that you are a woman now."

"I don't want to be a woman," the girl rejoined almost fiercely. "And you never objected to Billy before. You know he goes for long walks with me, and we do the museums together and lunch at cafés in the Quartier, and all that. I've never hidden anything from you."

"I know," Vanna retorted. She was quite good-humoured again now. "And I've nothing against Billy—nothing at all, except that he's poor. His family is everything that one could wish, and he's a nice boy; though I can't think why he wants to be an artist; but I don't think you ought to see quite so much of him. Even in England a girl in your position wouldn't be allowed to, and here in Paris!" She shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"Oh, mother," cried the girl, with frank vehemence, "why do you want to take away the only friend I have? Billy and I are such chums; it's just as good as having a brother."

"Is it?" remarked her mother, with a note of muffled amusement in her voice.

"Why do you say this all at once?" the girl went on reproachfully. "You've got your own friends; you're with them all the time. You've never taken any notice of me—you've never troubled before."

A strange, softened look came into Vanna's eyes as they rested on the flushed, eager young face.

"No," she said rather lamely, "perhaps haven't troubled enough."

The momentary tenderness was not lost on Joan, who was so unused to it. She moved her chair nearer to her mother's. She was obviously full of some idea, and now she burst out with it.

"Oh, mother, why don't you take me to England? Are you never going back? I'm so homesick."

Vanna's face hardened. "Why now, particularly?"

"Billy's been talking to me," the girl said.

"Reminding me—he's homesick, too, and he's going next month."

"What has Billy been saying to you?"

"Oh, only talking about the spring," Joan answered, forgetting to be shy in her enthusiasm. "Reminding me of the woods, and the primroses and violets. England's so beautiful, mother, at a times; and Billy's an artist, you see. He said he'd like me to tread a Yorkshire moor, and feel the spring of the heather under my feet, and he'd like to take me on to the brow of a Surrey hill and show me the big beautiful commons and the pine woods; and then we talked about gardens, and he reminded me of the tall hollocks, and the quince."

(Continued on page 10.)

BARAINS—STOCKTAKING SALE.—The magnificent stocks of Jewellery, Silver Plate, and Watches to be cleared at 45, DISCOUNT IN TITLE, 6, can market prices, for a few days only—SQUILL and LAWRENCE, 28 to 31, Liverpool-st.; 63, St. Paul's Churchyard; 97, Fleet-st.; 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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A CORRESPONDENT'S VIEWS ON MAN'S EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

THE BITER BIT.

MOTHER'S COMPARISON OF SON'S AND DAUGHTER'S DRESS EXPENSES.

I often feel quite exasperated, writes a correspondent, when I hear men complain of the extravagance of their wives and daughters' dress bills, and see letters in the paper upon the same subject. For I look around upon the men of my acquaintance and I see that in a quiet way they are quite as prone to spending a great deal upon their clothes as women are. I say, in a quiet way.

Money Made by Sales.

Men are able to discard suits that do not please them for some reason or another and to replace them with fresh ones without inviting comment upon their extravagance. Women are not able to do this so easily; they may send their newest dresses that they do not like to one of the big dealers in cast-off clothing and buy other toilettes in their stead, but their action will certainly be noticeable if their husbands or fathers have observant eyes in their heads.

Suits Scarcely Worn.

Yet which is the more extravagant—the girl who gets a good price for a gown which she has not worn or has only put on once or twice, or her brother who willingly lets his discarded suit lie in his cupboard. I have often made a raid upon my son's wardrobe, and have found suit after suit that has scarcely been worn, but that has been cast aside for some paltry reason or another, and has been replaced, at my expense, with fresh habiliments. I do not grudge the money; I only object to remarks being passed upon women's expenditure when men's is as excessive.

I maintain, then, that many men are as extravagant, if not a great deal more so than women are in the matter of clothes. Yet they pretend otherwise. I suppose there are some men who make a dress-suit last for several years, but the men of my acquaintance certainly keep in their wardrobes three or four dress-suits going, and as each suit costs them ten guineas it is easy to see that in this way alone a great deal of money may be spent.

Costly Motor Gear.

Then they must have clothes for every kind of occasion. Some are what is called lounge-suits, others are tail-coat suits, there are several types of frock-coat, which must have trousers of certain colours and cloths to match. There are shooting-suits, hockey and golf-clothes, travelling and mountaineering-gear, smoking-coats, and a large array

of wonderful dressing-gowns to meet all sorts of imaginary needs.

Take a man's motoring habiliments alone, and analyse the list of requirements in that single direction. What with fur coats and leather coats, waterproof coats, and ordinary cloth ones to meet the

A
PRETTY
ZOUAVE
OF
SPANISH
LACE.



needs of weather such as we experience in this country, in this detail alone a man's annual expenditure, if he does much motoring, is enormous.

Then men have a very pretty taste in lingerie. Their pyjamas are made of pure silk or of a soft silk and wool mixture and of the most delicate colours, if they are what is known as smart young men. My son is one of these, and his underclothing outfit comprises raiment that may not be so exquisite as that of his sister, but I am sure is as expensive. Somehow, men's clothes seem to cost so much more than women's, taking detail for detail.

Lace coats are again enjoying a great measure of modishness. The little zouave shown below is made of the new Spanish darned lace in gold and green on a white background, and is worn with a green chiffon gown.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

borders, and all the roses in June, and the green lanes, and the honeysuckle in the hedges—and, oh, mother, it made me so homesick."

"Does Billy always talk like a minor poet?" asked Vanna.

"Oh, mother, why are you laughing?" The girl flushed crimson, without knowing why. "Billy and I are both fond of England—that is all, and he said he'd like to show me all its beauties."

"And what did you say?"

"That I'd like to see them."

"I see. And did you look like you're looking now, I wonder?" Vanna's voice was dry.

"How am I looking, mother?" The girl's voice was as innocent as a child's.

"Oh, never mind," said her mother. "Go and take off your things."

When she was alone again, Vanna sat on, thinking, with a strange line across her brow. "Is the child in love with Billy Charteris, without knowing it," she mused. "I hope not; because she's not going to marry a poor man." Then she sighed deeply, drearily, hopelessly, the sigh that welled up often enough from the very depths of her being, to show that she had not forgotten.

"If there's anything at all of me in her, God help her when love comes into her life."

For a long time she sat on in her deep chair, while the spring sunset faded into twilight, and the hour drew near when she would have to go and put on one of her lovely frocks that were the admiration of all beholders, and with it put on her mask of gaiety, the smiling face that she turned to the world. It was true, what Joan said; she could talk to so many people at the same time, and about so many things; and she was always so gay—so gay. One can always be gay in the world when one's heart is dead.

Again her thoughts were back in the past; they were busy with the tragedy of her life, with the man who had made that tragedy, Anthony Heron, who, as the newspaper had told her, was in Paris now, at the Ritz, quite close to her. And, because she was in an analytical mood, she thought of things she had never thought of before, never

allowed herself to think of. She tried to see him down the perspective of the three years that had passed. He was a perfect stranger to her now, the man at whose feet she had flung her soul, the man who had given her the only real happiness that she had ever known. She knew that it had been real, because the memory of it had lasted, while the memory of Dick Teuspet was blotted out, and it cost her an effort now to bring up before her mind's eyes the image of his face.

But what to her had been her life's happiness had been but an interlude, and for three years Tony Heron had been to her but a name, just as he had been before she met him. Of course, she had heard and read a good deal about him, because Anthony Heron had become a much-talked-of and much-be-paragraphed personage. He moved in a certain set, which was, for no particular reason, much observed by a certain class of journalists. She watched him, as it were, from afar. She saw that he was becoming richer and richer. She read of a sensational corner in the City, in which it was reported that he netted close on three-quarters of a million sterling. She read of him as a man much discussed in financial circles. She read of his movements. He had been to America on business. He was at Monte Carlo, Cairo, or Salsomaggiore. He was running a giant racing motor-car in a great international race; he had bought a yacht and was cruising in the Mediterranean; he had bought Lord Aversham's place near Hordesham; he was hunting with the Pynchley. He was amongst the guests invited to shoot with the King and the German Emperor at Chatsworth. He was with the Duchess of Camelford at the opera. His horse won the Cambridgeshire by half a length—and so on and so forth.

She knew, in fact, just as much as the average man in the street who diligently reads his newspaper, and no more. She knew that Anthony Heron had become a big man, a much bigger man in the last three years than he had been when he had told her that she was all his world, the beginning and the end of everything for him.

But she knew next to nothing of him personally, next she must only think of him as she had seen him standing on the platform of the London railway station, waving his hat in farewell. That was more than three years ago.

(To be continued.)

His handkerchiefs, of which he has dozens and dozens, are a sight to behold. Some are purposely made small, and of a cobweb-like texture, in order that they may go into a tiny space when he puts on his uniform, and so refrain from causing the slightest bulge in the appearance of his wax-like clothes. Others, to suit the vagaries of the moment, have edges of appliqué lawn upon lawn, and his cipher appears in one corner, executed in the same exotic manner. His latest achievement in handkerchiefs actually shows the tiny figure of a Columbine, most beautifully, I must admit, cut out of coloured lawn and applied with marvellous skill upon the background of the fine lawn it adorns.

His jewel-box is quite a sight to behold. He has a rare taste in scarf-pins, all of which are exceedingly neat and unassuming in appearance, but none the less expensive, considering that pearls and diamonds form them exclusively. He has sets of remarkably lovely jewelled buttons for his evening waistcoats, not one of which has cost less than ten guineas a set. I have never heard of my daughter paying as much as this for the buttons on her best frock. His shirt links are as beautiful as the shirts they adorn, but all as neat and quiet in appearance as are the shirts.

Expensive Buttonholes.

He is by no means a startlingly smart-looking person; his endeavour is to look quiet but to wear that which is of the very best and latest vogue. He has an account at my own florist's, and orders a buttonhole each day, varying the flowers he wears so that they may match his tie or the general appearance of his costume with subtle skill.

I have written you a very long letter, and you will perhaps think that the case I have quoted is an extreme one. But I have kept my eyes open for some time, and I have observed that men are growing more and more extravagant in their attire and that the vogue is not confined to members of the wealthy class alone.

I don't know what other women think, but my opinion is that this craving for many possessions and very expensive ones in the matter of attire is one of the real reasons that men marry much later now than they did in my young days. It is obviously very unfair that they should say that it is because they know their wives will want so much pin-money that they are obliged to give up matri-

mony while all the time it is rather they themselves who require so many luxuries and extravagances.

[This writer, who signs herself "Fair Play," takes up the cudgels in a cause that requires a champion. What do other observant women think on the subject? We shall be glad to hear.—EDITOR.]

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NORTHERN UNION FOOTBALL.

Lancashire with the "Wooden Spoon"—Keen Fight for the League Trophy.

CLUBS' CHANCES DISCUSSED.

This week has seen a humbling of the pride of Lancashire Northern Unionists, for by the defeat sustained at Whitehaven at the hands of Cumberland, the Red Rose county became holders of the wooden spoon in the county championship competition.

This is, indeed, a dreadful comedown for a county which has hitherto enjoyed almost a monopoly of the honours, and which at the present time supplies not only the leading club in the First Division of the League but also those other clubs well placed in the race for the club championship.

Whether Oldham, Broughton Rangers, or either of the other clubs will succeed in rehabilitating the prestige of their county is, however, a matter of considerable doubt, for the leading Yorkshire clubs are hot-foot on the scent. In view of this close rivalry there is piquancy in the fact that this afternoon there are six matches of an inter-county character, the results of some of which will bear very directly on the interesting situation at the head of the League table.

The leaders entertain that very attractive team, Hunslet, at Watersheddings, where, by the way, the recent forms have wrought considerable damage, including the scattering of the straw laid on the turf as a protection from frost. It is singularly unfortunate for the Lancashire men that, with Spotswood, Tyson, and Sam Lee, will be accompanied there by three-quarters, on the injured list, D. J. Lewis should also have been laid aside with a dislocated shoulder, sustained at Batley last Saturday, but, happily, the club is possessed of excellent reserves. Lewis's place to-day will be filled by Civil, this being the only change.

Hunslet have this week secured the services of F. Hodgson, who, although only nineteen years of age, has already rendered good service to York in the three-quarter line, and who will doubtless be a factor in the corresponding match last season the victory went to Oldham by the narrowest possible margin.

When Bradford visited Warrington earlier in the present season they were soundly thrashed, the "Wool-pullers" romping home with a thirteen points balance. Marsden, Decatur, and company will doubtless try to turn themselves to some purpose this afternoon to the end that their defeat be amply avenged. Moreover, Bradford simply cannot afford to throw any points away. The champions will have their very best team in the field, while Warrington rely on the side which won the exciting game with Hull a week ago.

So far as League matches go, Leeds have enjoyed a pull over Salford, in past seasons, and unless the reorganised Salford team show some improvement, the Yorkshiremen should put another win to their credit. One of the new men introduced by the Salford executive is J. E. Davies, whose former county club, the Hunslet, let club makes his debut with Salford interesting to Leeds people.

Then at half-back appears H. D. John, the ex-Peacy half-back, who, despite his youth, has seen considerable service in South Wales football, while Lomas, so much missed against Bradford last week, is again fit for duty. Leeds did not give a great display at Widnes last week-end, but they will be on their mettle this afternoon.

Hull Kingston Rovers, who have secured the transfer of Miles Gledhill, Salford's old forward, provide the opposition at Swinton, which last season they conquered, Swinton, it is entertaining to note, have for the first time imposed the duties of captaincy on Albert Valentine, brother of their former old-time captain, of the same name, whose dramatically sudden death was so deeply deplored by followers of the Rugby game.

Harold Cooper, the busy ex-Wigan forward, is not yet turning out with the villagers. Bateley have little to hope from their excursion to Widnes, but Leigh need not despair of their chances against the visitors, for the Cupholders have performed very poorly of late.

Wakefield Trinity opened their season well by winning at Broughton, but since then success has not smiled upon them in their engagements. Should it do so to-day at Hull they will, indeed, be cause for surprise, for Hull, with the ubiquitous Goodfellow in the van, and a much more dangerous side in attack.

It goes without saying that when Runcorn and Widnes meet exciting play is inevitable, and the fact that both teams need points to avoid relegation to the Second Division is not likely to lessen the asperities engendered by keen local rivalry.

St. Helens appear at home for the second week in succession, but they will experience rather more difficulty in disposing of Broughton Rangers than was the case with Swinton. The Rangers, it may be noted, have strengthened their front line by the acquisition of Hillson, a 13st. forward from Wigan.

SOME TEAMS FOR TO-DAY.

Sunderland's team to oppose Bury on the latter's ground is as follows:—Vebbi, Stevens and Kibbey; Pugh, Whar, Fullerton, and Jackson; Hogg, Common, Gurnell, Holley, and Bridgett.

Newcastle United will be represented by the following team in their match against Small Heath at St. James's Park:—Lawrence; McCombie and Carr; Gardner, Aitken, McWilliam; Kutherford, Hogg, Appleyard, Orr, and Gosnell.

The Spurs team to oppose West Ham to-day at Tottenham will be as follows:—Largett, Watson, Day, Morris, Ball, Brearley, Walton, Woodcock, Glen, Copeland, and Kirwan. Mr. Tom Robertson, the famous Scottish referee, will have charge of the game.

West Ham will be represented by Kingley, Banlett and Gardner; Allison, Diercy, Jarvis, McCartney, Fletcher, Bridgeman, Simpson, and Carrick.

The following team will represent Brentford in the match against Northampton at Brentford:—Whiteley, Watson, Howarth, Day, Passmore, Toulson, Warrington, Fletcher, Hobson, Shanks, and Swarbrick.

The Southern United hold their first Bohemian concert on Monday evening next at the Imperial Hall, East Dulwich. Mr. John Cameron, of the Spurs, will preside, and will have among his supporters on this occasion Messrs. P. Kelso (manager of the Arsenal team) and S. R. Carr (secretary of South-Eastern League).

AMATEUR PLAY.

Good List of Old Boy Matches—'Varsity Notes.

There is much to be done in the way of clearing up the arrears in the London Senior Cup-ties this afternoon, for another round is due for decision next Saturday. The Old Malvernians and Casuals secured a special dispensation to defer the decision of their match until Wednesday next, when the clubs meet at Tufnell Park. One of the best games to-day should be at Ealing, between the local side and London Caledonians.

The Arthur Dunn Cup-ties fall due for completion this afternoon. Old Malvernians have already reached the semi-final. At Tufnell Park the Old Keptonians will probably beat Old Etonians. But the question of the holdership seems to rest between Charterhouse and Malvern.

Cambridge made such a good impression this mid-week against Wreford Brown's side (more or less of Corinthians), that they will be expected to beat Clapton, at Cambridge, this afternoon.

There is just one thing in the Cambridge game that Mellin should insist on being remedied. That is, the outside forwards do not return his passes. They go too much on their own, and only think of their centre when they are in distress, which is not the way to win matches.

Balfour-McVillie will get the Oxford eleven going with a game against the Casuals, at Oxford. The Dark Blues promised to be a rattling side last term. They want a centre forward, and if he can be secured it will be a great match at Queen's Club on the 11th prox. **TEMPLAR.**

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.

Aston Villa v. Sheffield W. Villa County v. Stoke. Blackburn R. v. Notts F. Preston N. E. v. Everton. Bury v. Sunderland. Sturminster N. v. Gosport. Luton v. Uxbridge. Wolverhampton W. v. Woolwich Arsenal.

Division II.

Blackpool v. Burnley. Gainsboro' Trinity v. Barnsley. Brierley v. Chesterfield. Luton v. Lincoln City. Bradford City v. Manchester U. Bolton v. Burnley. Doncaster R. v. West Bromwich Albion.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Portsmouth v. B'ton and Albion. New Brompton v. Fulham. Brentford v. Northampton. Tottenham v. Southampton. Middlesbrough v. Reading. Swindon v. Watford. Queens' Park R. v. Bristol R. Luton v. Plymouth Argyle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Celtic v. Hibernian. Glasgow Rangers v. Kilmarnock. Third Lanark v. Greenock. Aberdeen v. Queen's Park. Partick Thistle v. Dundee. Motherwell v. Port Glasgow.

AMATEUR CUP—Replayed Tie.

Old Xaverians v. Northern Nomads.

ARTHUR DUNN CUP.

Old Salopians v. Old Etonians.

LONDON CHARITY CUP.

Casuals v. Old Westlanders.

LONDON CUP.

Bromley v. Ilford. Ealing v. London Caledonians.

WEST KENT LEAGUE.

Canterbury v. Gravesend. Lewisham v. Northfleet. Priests Athletic v. Cray W. Gravesend v. Dartford. Lewisham v. Crayford U. Eltham v. Dartford.

SOUTH ESSEX LEAGUE.

Southend v. Chelmsford. Romford v. South Wood. Leytonstone v. Ilford Albion. Waltham v. Barking.

LONDON LEAGUE.

West Ham Reserves v. Tottenham Hotspur Reserves.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

Woolwich Arsenal Res. v. Hastings and St. Leonards v. Aylesbury United. Queen's Park Rangers R. Brighton and Hove Res. Eastbourne Old Town.

OTHER MATCHES.

Maidenhead v. Old Collegians. Mallow v. Upton Park. Basingstoke v. Southampton. Merstham v. Bush v. West Hampshire.

Crane v. East Vampires v. North Magdala. Cambridge U. v. Clapton.

RUGBY.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Newcastle v. Durham. Yorkshire v. Cheshire.

OTHER MATCHES.

Exeter v. Torquay. Glasgow Academicals v. Glasgow Merchants. Leicester v. Newport. Northampton v. Old Merchant. Exeter v. Exeter. W. of Scotland v. Glasgow. Perth v. North. Bristol v. Cardiff. Leicester v. Coventry. Cardiff v. London Welsh. Kelvinside Academy v. Glasgow Academy.

NORTHERN UNION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.

Wigan v. Batley. Swinton v. Hull Kingston R. Bolton v. Bradford. St. Helens v. Broughton R. Halifax v. Leigh. Hull v. Wakefield Trinity.

Division II.

Barrow v. Rochdale Hornets. Huddersfield v. Burnley. Pontefract v. Brighouse R.

MIDDLESEX CUP DRAW.

The draw for the semi-finals of the Middlesex Senior Cup has been made as follows:—London Caledonians v. Hounslow Bowes Park. Civil Service v. Harewell v. Ealing.

The choosing of the grounds and dates on which the matches are to be played was postponed until a future occasion.

The death is announced of Sam Gessey, once a prominent member of the Small Heath team. He was thirty years of age. Gessey played in good matches at the age of forty.

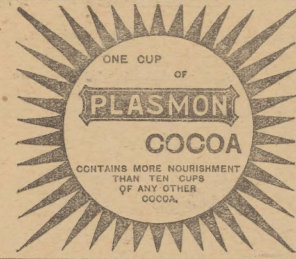


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